September 17, 1932

IOLA, KANSAS

Collier's

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Hugh MacNair Kahler – Frederick Hazlitt Brennan
Clinton W. Gilbert – William MacHarg

SEPT. 17, 1932

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Next Week

WHEN you meet Barbara Marshfield you'll be amazed. At home her folks were afraid she would grow conceited about her good looks, so they rode her hard. And now that she's in college—a coeducational college, at that—she blushes and trembles when spoken to and has never called a boy by his first name. Such girls, we're told, don't exist any more and that's why we say you'll be amazed.

But when you see how she goes about playing the lead in the fraternity-sorority show you'll be horrified. Barry McDonald, who gave her the part, felt that there was nothing in the world more revolting than a shy girl who decided to be bold. But he discovered, as you will, that a freshly acquired personality is not even skin-deep. "Boy Shy" is the title and Harlan Ware the author.

THERE is less money in the old wallet than there was three years ago. Therefore the conviction takes root that the amount of money in circulation is smaller. Statistics prove that's not so but no one is made much happier by statistics. And the remedy—the same old remedy—is prescribed by the quack doctors: Print more money! The old phrases and battle cries of the nineties have been taken from the camphor and now assail your ears. The campaign for inflation is moving along and it's all very exciting. Just what it means in dollars and cents is told by John T. Flynn in "Polishing Up the Cross of Gold."

ALMOST anything a henpecked man chooses to do in order to correct his way of life has our hearty approval. We mention this merely to let you know that Mr. Ambrose Pottle's side-stepping efforts to "do something" when his wife fancied she'd been insulted by a large stranger (male) were sympathetically followed in this office. Even though it all didn't work out as expected, we are still for Mr. Pottle in "Don't Tell My Wife," by Richard Connell.

FRANK CONDON takes us to Hollywood to see some of those movie people who lead sudden and incomprehensible lives. Ferdinand Fell is the hero and you meet him at the first showing of that great picture, The Little Model. Everything goes as scheduled until Ferdy rushes up to the stage and slashes the screen with a large knife. A lot of explaining is necessary and Mr. Condon does it nimbly and fully in "Young Girl Laughing."

WALTER DAVENPORT, Edward Tomlinson, Kathleen Norris, Edgar Wallace and others do their best. Could anything be fairer?

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Any Week

"JUST a minute, just a minute," cries Mrs. Julian Feil of Boston, Mass. "In all this fuss and fury of political conventions, acceptance speech-making and what not, what on earth has become of that man Senator Fess? Or is it supposed to be a secret?"

MR. OLIVER H. SLONE of Duluth, Minnesota, isn't as cheerful as you might think. Something is always taking the joy out of his life. This time it's prohibition. "Now that prohibition is on its way out," he complains, "what are we going to do for excitement? I can't begin to tell you how I have enjoyed my still experiments and taking alcoholic chances. Never knew what was going to happen. It had me all pepped up. Now we're about to get beer and so forth made under sanitary conditions by experts. No excitement in that."

"ON THE level now," says Doctor Claude Claxton of Topeka, Kansas, "do you believe that under this star-spangled idea of dry states and wet states there will be any more prohibition in the dry state of Kansas than there is now? Or are the politicians just kidding again? Imagine not being able to buy a drink in Kansas. Don't be silly."

"MOREOVER," says Mr. M. L. Johnson of Paducah, Kentucky, "this world would be a better and certainly more cheerful place to live in if there were a few more Jimmie Walkers scattered around."

WE'RE just as puzzled as Mr. W. G. Keffer of Ames, Iowa, about the reasoning of a farmer he met recently. The farmer told Mr. Keffer that he had lost his place on foreclosure. And now he has decided that the only thing for him to do is to vote the Republican ticket all over again. "You see," says Mr. Keffer, "after four more years of the same he figures to homestead his quarter-section back again."

AS FAR as Mr. Dudley V. Haddock of Little Rock, Arkansas, is concerned, all this political oratory suggests the story of the Negro praying the court for a divorce.

"That woman," he complained, "jest talk and talk, Yo' Honor. Talk, talk, talk all day, all night."

"What about?" inquired the court.

"I dunno, suh; she ain't git that far yet."

"ONCE," sighs Miss Elaine Ruby of New Orleans, "there was a Presidential candidate with a sense of humor. He lost."

"AND as far as I'm concerned," writes Mr. Joe Neville of Butte, Montana, "this country of mine can defeat both Mr. Hoover and Mr. Roosevelt and come out better than even."

MR. LEONARD PRINCE of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, admits that it's none of his business but adds that he feels as though Adolf Hitler might get somewhere if he'd shave off the rest of his mustache. How, he wants to know, can a guy with a trick lip like that expect people to trust him?

"FOR a number of years," writes Mr. James F. Corn of Cleveland, Tennessee, "I have resisted successfully the temptation to write a letter about it to the newspapers or you, but have finally succumbed upon failing to note in your column a suggestion that what this country needs is an organization whose purpose shall be to see that the other fellow bears his just share of the cost of government."

HAVING read Lucian Cary's "The Girl Without It," Doctor Charles E. Barnett of Knoxville, Tennessee, rolled up his sleeves, got out paper and pencil and gave the story a thorough going-over. He reports that he finds a severe rash of "he said" and "she said"—more than ninety in all. He prescribes "plenty of fresh air and rest."

MISS ANNA ROSE STEEN of Hartford, Connecticut, thinks there is something wrong with the argument that Europe could buy more American goods if its financial burdens were lightened, if the United States remitted those war debts. "They probably could," she assures us. "But so could we."

AND Mr. Olen T. J. Harbach of Kansas City, Kansas, arrives by mail with a stiff warning. "I am," shouts he, "one of America's thirty million drys. We are going to elect a dry President and a dry Congress and not only going to enforce prohibition with all the power of the Army and Navy but shut all you editors up for all time."

MAKING at least one vote for the Hon. Willie Upshaw of Georgia.

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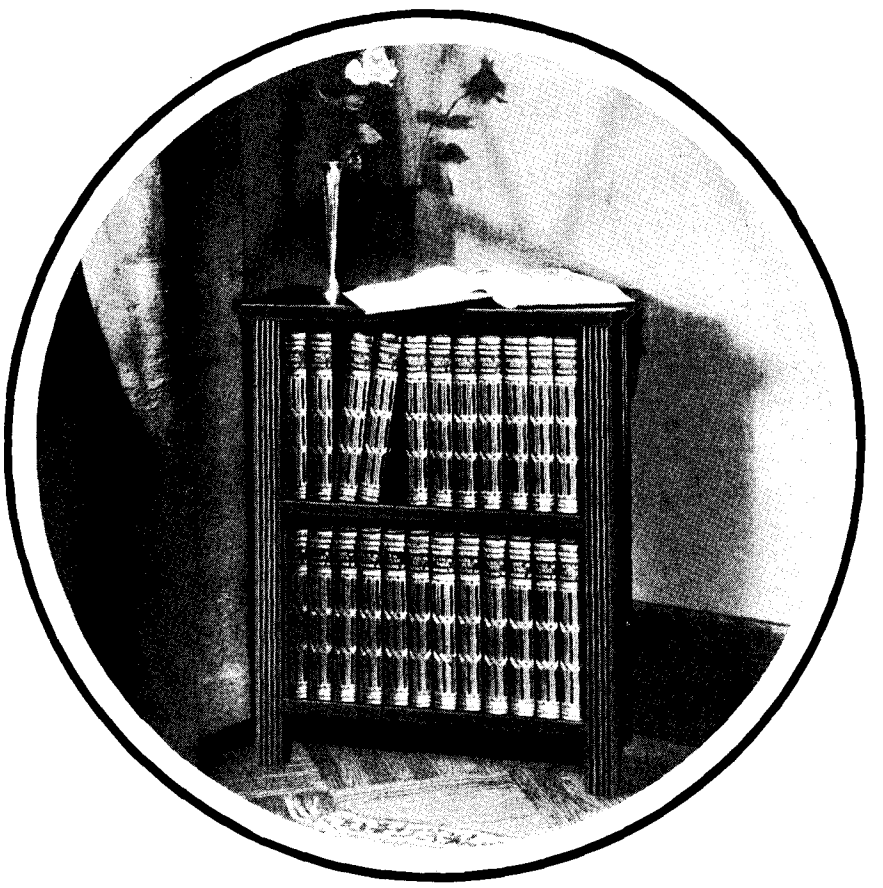

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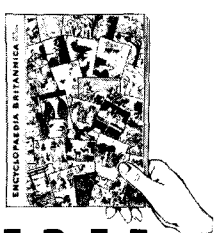

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The National Weekly for September 17, 1932

Take Your Punishment

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

How not to court a girl, as demonstrated by the world's luckiest theorist

Illustrated by Earl Oliver Hurst

Elmer felt a strange bristling at the base of his scalp. "Thanks," he said, "I don't smoke"

WHEN Elmer Gibb saw Miss Delter coming down the austere brownstone steps of the boarding-house in Johnson Park, his first impulse was to turn about quickly before she caught sight of him and thus become entitled, under the unwritten laws of chivalry, to his company for the remainder of his morning journey to the office.

It was a powerful impulse. But just in the nick of time Elmer remembered what The Mighty Mystery of Mastery had to say about such impulses and the way to deal with them.

Remembering, he rose splendidly above temptation. He shut his jaws and hands, stiffened his neck, quickened, instead of slackening, his brisk, decisive stride. Resolutely, having overtaken Miss Delter, he raised his hat; grimly he compelled himself to wish her, without sincerity, a good morning.

Miss Delter's head turned deliberately. Her eyes dwelt briefly upon Elmer Gibb—eyes that seemed, as always, to appraise and measure and to arrive, too quickly, at an unfavorable conclusion. Miss Delter's mouth went through the motion of a grudged, reluctant smile; her chin moved down and up in a nod that might have been measured, possibly, in millimeters.

"Oh," Miss Delter said. "Hello."

Again impulse pleaded with Elmer. It begged him to repay in kind that niggard nod and word and, merely lengthening his stride again, escape to the safer, more congenial company of self-communings. Again Elmer almost yielded; again, just in time, he ruled his spirit. He fell purposefully in step. The lift of Miss Delter's eyebrows, faintly but unmistakably displeased, only stiffened his determination.

"Walking down, too, are you?"

It needed a perceptible effort of will to utter even this inanity. The corners of Miss Delter's mouth quirked faintly downward. Otherwise she gave no sign of having heard.

"I've come all the way in from—"

"Wait." Miss Delter lifted a weary, resigned hand. "Let me recite it for you. You've walked all the way in from Kenmore. You live with your aunt; you pay her twelve dollars a week; you've got eighteen hundred in the savings bank; you own thirty shares in the Building and Loan; you carry a five-thousand-dollar life insurance policy; you're one of those absolutely perfect young men that Horatio Alger used to write about. You don't have to prove it to me. I admit it."

"Oh!" Elmer discovered, after a moment, that his mouth had stayed open in exactly the position required for the exclamation. He repeated it in a different key: "Oh! So you've been looking me up in the personnel-record file, have you? I'm flattered."

"Don't be. I was just gathering a few vital statistics for Mr. Gaffney. Personally, I wasn't curious."

"No?" In spite of himself, Elmer allowed his voice to grate a little.

"No. I could tell you were that kind of a person just by looking at you."

"I see. And you—you don't exactly approve of that kind of person, I gather."

"You gather well. I don't."

"Why not? What's wrong with—?"

"Nothing. I don't seem to like my people quite so perfect, that's all."

"I see. You—you don't like me."

"Marvelous!" Miss Delter drawled. "However did you guess?"

"And I suppose," Elmer said, "that you think I like you? I suppose you think I caught up with you this morning because I wanted to?"

"I haven't given it a lot of study," Miss Delter admitted, "but, now that you mention it, the idea does seem plausible. I'm used to it. I seem to have a fatal appeal for the kind of nice young man who never forgets his rubbers."

"Well, you needn't worry about having any fatal appeal for me," Elmer said. "If you want the cold truth, I overtook you simply because it was just what I didn't want to do."

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Miss Delter grinned ever so faintly.

"You're beginning to interest me. If you felt that way, why bother? Just a passion for good deeds, was it? Scattering a few sunbeams on a working girl's sad lot?"

"It didn't have anything to do with you," Elmer said. "I just saw my chance to get in a little light exercise, that's all."

"Exercise?" Miss Delter's eyebrows arched. "Are we supposed to wrestle or something?"

"Exercise in will power," Elmer said. "Every time you do something you don't want to do, it takes strength of will, doesn't it? Well, I've found that the way to get strong enough for the hard jobs is to build up by light exercise, whether it's muscle or will you're building. I suppose that's another loud laugh for you, but it doesn't matter to me how you look at it. I'm getting my exercise and that's all I care about."

MISS DELTER laughed, of course, but Elmer's ear found less malice in the sound than he'd expected.

"It's an idea," she conceded. "Go on from there. Does it work?"

"You're watching it work," Elmer said. "Six months ago I couldn't any more have made myself walk up to you, that way, than—"

"I see." She laughed again. "What I don't see is where the profit comes in. You've been practicing six months and now you've got moral muscle enough to stand the strain of my society. But you don't sound as if it was giving you much more of a thrill than I'm getting out of it."

It became Elmer's turn to laugh.

"I told you it was exercise, didn't I? That's all it is—a little tougher than the sort of thing I began with, like eating oatmeal and cutting out cigarettes."

"I see. And when you've got your will power all developed, what do you do with it? Go out walking with somebody even more repulsive than I am?"

"All right. Laugh." Elmer spoke doggedly. "All the same, you know I'm right. Will's all that really matters. You can't rule others till you've learned to rule yourself. You can't control chance and circumstances unless you can govern your own blind impulses; you can't—"

"Now I understand. It's really wonderful!"

"Go on. Laugh all you like. But you saw my card in the file. You know I've had two promotions this year and I'm a lot nearer the top than quite a few of the clever lads who were way ahead of me when I started. One of these days they'll be working for me. The time's coming when I'll be able to do as I please about things that really matter, and the reason why it's going to happen is because I'm learning, now, to do what I don't want to do about things that don't matter a bit."

"Such," Miss Delter suggested, "as this little walk with me."

"Exactly." Elmer nodded with conviction. Miss Delter meditated.

"It sounds as if there might be something in it," she said.

"Something in it? I tell you there's everything in it!"

"ANYWAY," Miss Delter said, "I'm going to try it. It occurs to me that maybe I could use a little extra will power myself."

"Well, there's only one way to get it. You've got to practice on little, easy things before you tackle the hard jobs."

"Oh, I don't know," Miss Delter disagreed. "I'm doing pretty well right now with a fairly tough one."

Elmer opened his eyes. Miss Delter waved her hand.

"You said it took you six months to reach a point at which you could make yourself walk with me. Well, I've only just started and I'm making myself walk with you."

Grimly he compelled himself to wish her a good morning

Elmer swallowed. Then he compelled his mouth to grin.

"That's the right idea," he said. "It—it's good for us both."

"Just like cod-liver oil," Miss Delter agreed cordially. Elmer found no answer that seemed adequate. In an armistice of silence they turned into River Street. Here Elmer had a sudden inspiration.

"I always lunch over there." He nodded at the dispiriting façade of Grimshaw's vegetarian restaurant. Miss Delter's glance moved darkly to a window decorated in whiting with the day's bill of fare.

"I might have guessed it," she said.

"How would you like to eat there today, with me?"

Elmer knew the mild triumph of the novice gymnast who achieves, for instance, a passably expert giant swing. Miss Delter stared.

"I couldn't possi—"

Elmer raised a reminding forefinger. She paused.

"Bean cutlets," Elmer said. "Nut fricassee and Cereo-Malto health coffee."

"And you!" Miss Delter visibly steeled herself. "You think I can't do it, but—" she spoke between set, sacrificial teeth—"I'll show you! I'll come! And not only that. I'll order—" she paused, breathed deeply—"I'll order spinach," she said, "and eat it!"

THE five-o'clock whistles seemed later than even their unpunctual habit. For some time Elmer Gibb had been successfully resisting the wayward urge which prompted him to consult his watch. Even this trivial test demanded effort; he was weary after a day of greater conquests. He had stoically eaten spinach, forkful for forkful, with Miss Delter; he had restrained, during this ordeal, his ardent yearnings to edged repartee; he had driven himself relentlessly through the dull routine of his day's work; he had borne with gibe and quip, as usual, on the part of ribald fellow employees.

These minor triumphs had drained his moral strength. He had even allowed himself to dally with that old five-o'clock desire, long since beaten down, to ride home in the bus. And in this weakened state of spirit he lifted his glance to find Miss Delter, hatted, standing beside his desk.

"Ready?" She spoke very briskly.

"For what?"

"To walk home."

"With—with you?"

"Why not? You don't want to, do you?"

"Not," Elmer said with fervor, "perceptibly."

"Then what are you waiting for? Come on."

"Do you think you'd better?" Elmer stooped to subterfuge. "After all, it's your first day. You ought not to overdo things."

"You mean you don't feel up to it? I thought so! You can dish it out, all right, but you can't take it, can you?"

"Oh, can't I?" Elmer reached for his hat. The whistles trumpeted release. He walked beside her to the elevator, his head high.

"You know," Miss Delter said, as they started up the slant of River Street, "there's really something in this scheme of yours. It's already made a lot of difference in me. I hardly had to fight myself about this walking tour."

Elmer brightened faintly.

"I told you. What you've got to keep remembering, now—"

"You told me that, too," Miss Delter said wearily. Elmer withdrew to the dignity of silence until, having turned into Main Street, they approached the Bijou Theater—a Neo-Babylonian temple dedicated to the youngest of the arts.

"Keep it up long enough," Elmer said, "and you may even get so you can stay away from the talkies."

MISS DELTER laughed shortly. "Huh! If this system of yours can stiffen the spine of my soul enough to let me sit through one of the loathsome, driveling—"

"Don't you like 'em either?" Elmer stared. Miss Delter returned the scrutiny.

"Either? Don't you?"

The same idea, at the same moment, forced itself pitilessly upon them both.

"I can't do it," Miss Delter said. "I just can't."

Elmer set his teeth. "We've got to try, all the same. It's the only way. I've learned. If you give in to yourself just once it undoes all you've gained in days and days."

"But—" Miss Delter hung back as Elmer stoically marched toward the ticket seller's glass coop— "I just can't face it now. Maybe when I've had a little nourishment, but those bean cutlets—"

Elmer stopped. The argument had equal force for one who had lunched principally on nut fricassee. Aunt Ella, too, was apt to be upset if dinner were delayed.

"All right. We'll wait till tonight, then," he decided. "It won't do us so much good, maybe, but it'll be bad enough, I guess."

"It will," Miss Delter declared with conviction. Elmer nodded. They walked on in silence. Before the boarding-house in Johnson Park Elmer found it barely possible to perform the perfunctory gesture of hat-lifting.

"I'll be back," he announced grimly, "at eight."

A MOTOR-CAR was parked before the boarding-house when, on the exact stroke of eight, Elmer approached the brownstone steps. He eyed it scornfully; it was patently a car owned by an unthrifty person, willing to pay for extravagantly superfluous power, for needless display of gleaming chromium. Toward its unknown possessor Elmer felt a curious, unreasonable hostility. People who were wasteful and stupid enough to own such cars ought, he thought, to keep them away from places like Johnson Park.

(Continued on page 45)

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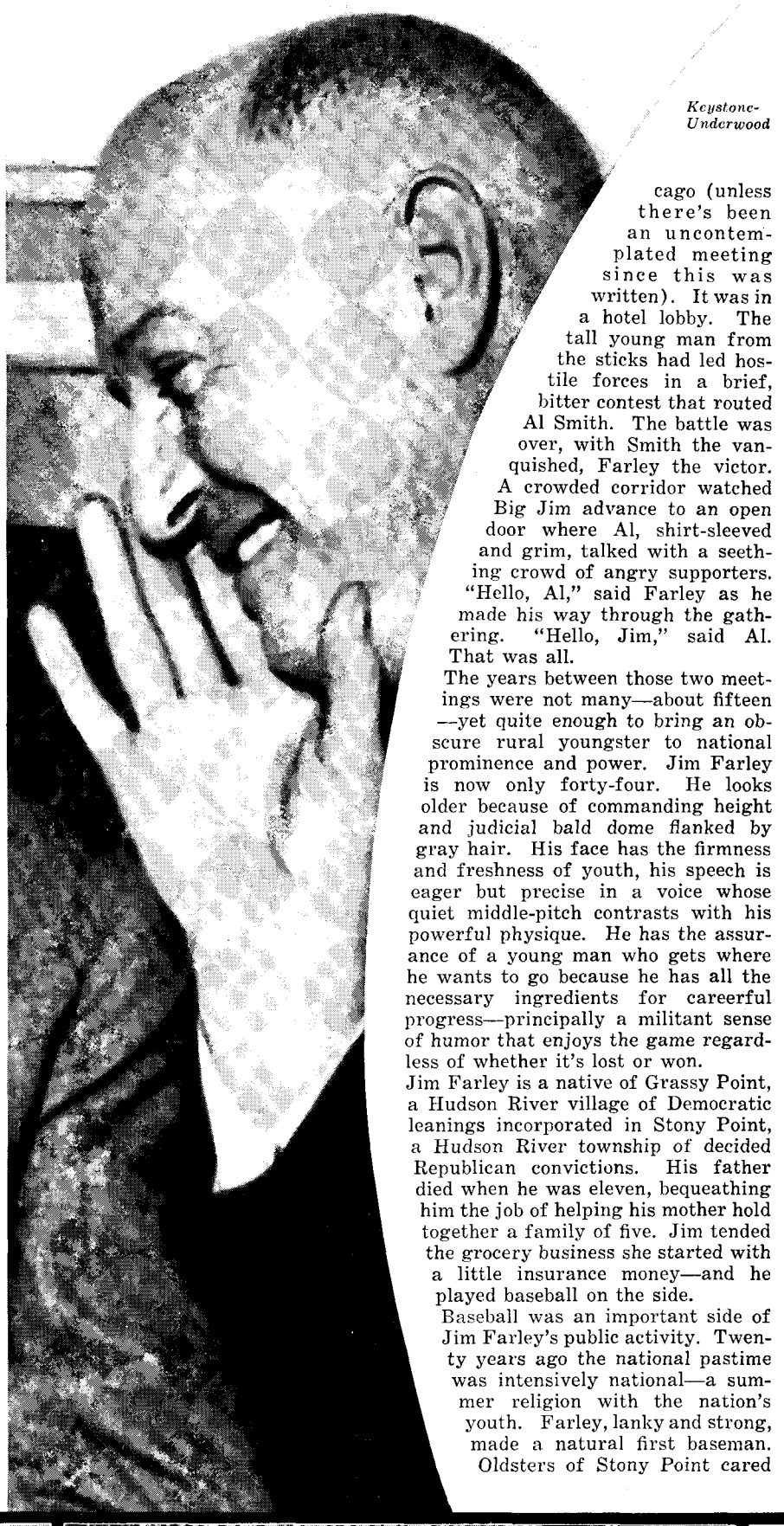
Jim, the Salesman

James A. Farley was, six years ago, a man nobody knew. Today he's Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, and a big business man besides. How did all this happen to a small-town boy? The answer is baseball, business and pleasure—his idea of pleasure being politics—mixed judiciously and at the right time

By John B. Kennedy



Keystone-Underwood

THESE two men first met in New York's City Hall—an island of plums entirely surrounded by politicians. Neither was then nationally known. The slope-shouldered, florid man with the ear-spanning grin had some small fame beyond the city limits. The six-foot-two visitor was an unknown from upstate.

"I've come to tell you," said the smiling tower of a man, "that sentiment upstate is that Charlie Murphy should nominate you for governor, Mr. Smith."

Mr. Smith shifted his cigar—he always does when he talks.

"Well, Mr. Farley," he said, "now that you've told me, why not go and tell Mr. Murphy?"

So James A. Farley went from Alfred E. Smith to Charles F. Murphy. This double play brought him before the velvet-voiced, iron-handed and occasionally iron-headed boss of Tammany—last of the really absolute monarchs of Manhattan, now run by committees that are little more than legalized conspiracies.

Mr. Murphy gave ear. Mr. Murphy heard Mr. Farley through to the finish, then replied:

"Glad to have met you. Call again."

So Mr. Farley reconvened his first meeting with Mr. Smith and told him what Mr. Murphy had said. Mr. Smith offered Mr. Farley a cigar, which he declined, being a non-smoker. They parted on good terms.

The last time they met was in Chicago (unless there's been an uncontemplated meeting since this was written). It was in a hotel lobby. The tall young man from the sticks had led hostile forces in a brief, bitter contest that routed Al Smith. The battle was over, with Smith the vanquished, Farley the victor. A crowded corridor watched Big Jim advance to an open door where Al, shirt-sleeved and grim, talked with a seething crowd of angry supporters. "Hello, Al," said Farley as he made his way through the gathering. "Hello, Jim," said Al. That was all.

The years between those two meetings were not many—about fifteen—yet quite enough to bring an obscure rural youngster to national prominence and power. Jim Farley is now only forty-four. He looks older because of commanding height and judicial bald dome flanked by gray hair. His face has the firmness and freshness of youth, his speech is eager but precise in a voice whose quiet middle-pitch contrasts with his powerful physique. He has the assurance of a young man who gets where he wants to go because he has all the necessary ingredients for careerful progress—principally a militant sense of humor that enjoys the game regardless of whether it's lost or won.

Jim Farley is a native of Grassy Point, a Hudson River village of Democratic leanings incorporated in Stony Point, a Hudson River township of decided Republican convictions. His father died when he was eleven, bequeathing him the job of helping his mother hold together a family of five. Jim tended the grocery business she started with a little insurance money—and he played baseball on the side.

Baseball was an important side of Jim Farley's public activity. Twenty years ago the national pastime was intensively national—a summer religion with the nation's youth. Farley, lanky and strong, made a natural first baseman. Oldsters of Stony Point cared little about athletic ability, and they, in their Republican orthodoxy, never dreamed that popularity earned through smart ball-playing could make anybody important in local politics.

Their town clerk, a veteran party man, had run for and received reëlection so many years that they had never dreamed of opposition to him.

But these two things they never dreamed of came true in one personality. They suddenly found Big Jim Farley, not far removed from his first shave, duly elected as town clerk and occupying the town hall. In a Republican stronghold this conquest by a Democrat needed explaining. Easy. The young men of Stony Point had voted for a good baseball player—who turned out also to be a good town clerk. Farley held the job for eight years, until he gained promotion to supervisor on the Rockland County Board.

For a youngster under thirty that was quick progress. Energy and industry account for it. No wedding, no funeral, no local event of private or public significance was missed by the Tall Cedar of Stony Point. If Farley didn't know every family in the county, he was known by their neighbors.

He had opportunities to do favors for Republicans and Democrats alike—and did them—to political advantage, although, as his youth-time friends assert, there was always a generous helpfulness in everything he did.

Admiration for the life and works of Samuel Tilden solidified Big Jim's Democratic philosophy, and sporting instinct played its rôle in making him an apostle for a minority party when he might have had an easier time as an apprentice in the majority party.

Riding the Wave—and the Tiger

Critics in his younger days said he had his eyes on New York City from the first. They were right. They said he spent much of his time there. They were right. He was studying the Tammany method of organization by joining Tammany and watching it work from the inside. He applied its method of copious and continuous personal contacts in Rockland County—and it worked.

Aside, it's necessary to add, Farley was studying something else—business in a business school.

He came—still quite a young man—to make building-trade supplies his business and politics his pleasure; he realized that the principles of salesmanship and showmanship operated for success in both.

His diligence as student and practitioner of both is attested by the double fact that in his mid-thirties he

(Continued on page 34)

Wide World

Farley and Roosevelt at Chicago. Center, signing the Schmeling-Sharkey fight articles, Farley seated at the extreme left

Acme

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James Farley, Basil O'Connor, Judge John Mack and Arthur Muller planning the Roosevelt strategy at Chicago

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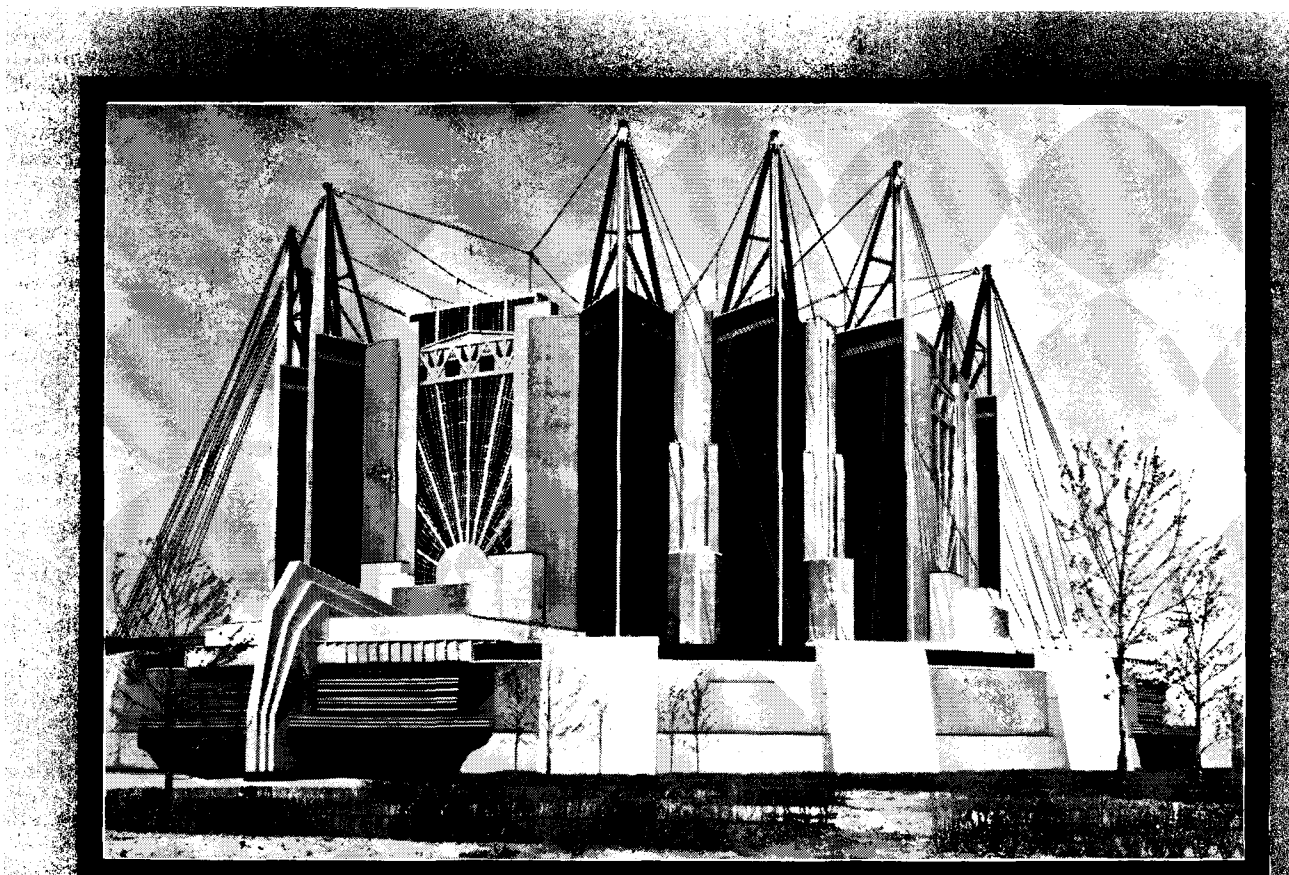

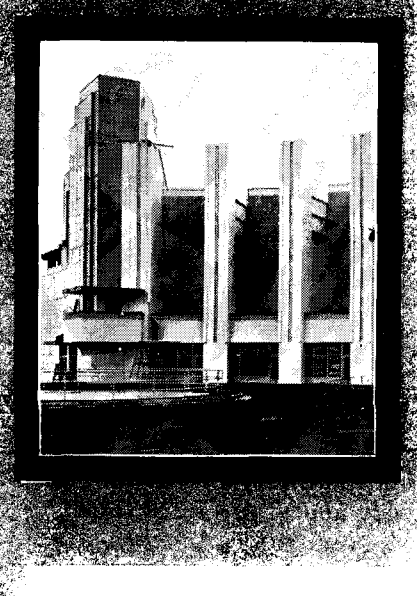

Startling—but here is what to expect of the 1933 World's Fair. Left, east entrance to the Railroad Dome of the Travel and Transport Building. Right, north approach to the Hall of Science

Fair for Tomorrow

By William G. Shepherd

Youth will be served, but at the coming World's Fair youth also will do the serving. Young folks will flock there because tomorrow's better life, its buildings, its transportation, its conveniences and triumphs will be forecast; a new era will be portrayed and begun

THERE is one big bright spot in America that I visit whenever I can. It's the strip of land along Chicago's lake front where they are building next year's World's Fair. I go away from there with new courage and a tight set of the jaw, because all I see and hear there reveals the amazing changes that will be made—or, rather, that will make themselves in America within the next twenty-five years.

It's a place where men with remarkable brains and some millions of money are working with the materials of our future. They're not monkeying around with just sheer hope. Hope's too hazy for them. What they're dealing with is blue-steel determination and cold, white logic.

Men of affairs, with great weights on their shoulders and great puzzles in their minds, get off the train in Chicago, on their transcontinental trips, and stop over a day to visit that busy spot and get the feel of what's coming in America. The visitors' registry-book shows that they come time and again—men with the most famous names in America—to spend a few hours talking about our future, which you actually see being built into the great structures of the Fair, and then go out into the world again, to help work for what's coming. "The New Age Center is what I call it," said one great railroader, who has put his name down on the visitors' book at least ten times within the past year.

It's a place where they've looted the past and then kicked it over—Greece, whiskers, Romans, horses and buggies, log cabins—and now they are headed straight into the future. Of course, no one can deny that there had to be a past to get us where we are today. These men you see working and planning at the great fair grounds in Chicago know all about that past. They've taken all it has given us, said, "Thank you, Mr. Past," politely shown him out of the conference-room door, and then said among themselves, "Now for the future."

An Incredible Dream Come True

Never before has a World's Fair been planned with such an extraordinary viewpoint as this. Other World's Fairs have been boastful of what we have done. This Fair, as we see its miles of odd buildings rising, and hear its planners plan, will not boast of the past; it will *tell* what sort of a new place America is to be for the next quarter of a century at least.

And by *tell* I don't mean prophesy either prosperity or anything else. These men in Chicago have been working for years on this plan and their work is just now beginning to appear visibly, on a vast scale—the new kind of houses we'll live in, the new kind of streets on which our homes will stand, new comforts, new luxuries, new necessities, new amusements—even new thoughts. Not the romantic but the scientific eyes of youth have been at work in making this 1933 World's Fair.

At this place along the lake front in Chicago you get the viewpoint of a youth that hasn't even been born as yet, but that most surely *will* be born to carry out what's ahead.

Back in 1893 there was in Chicago another World's Fair, the old boastful kind, gloating blindly over how far mankind had come but not pointing out what was ahead. It was a wonderful Fair. The age itself put all it had into it. If those who built that Fair could have shown how we would be traveling over hundreds of thousands of miles of cement highways to the Fair of 1933 in our own motor cars, or in air-cooled trains, or by airplanes, they would have strained far beyond the breaking point the imaginations of millions of us who attended the 1893 Fair. Suppose they had been able to show, in that old-fashioned Fair, the flood of mechanical marvels and physical comforts and conveniences that was even then piling up at the portals of American life, ready to make life an easier and more exciting experience for us all. Visitors would have been gazing at an incredible fairyland. Yet it was a dream world that came true and real, with such suddenness and abruptness that we haven't learned even yet how to live in it.

Things must be new, not old, at next year's Fair. For example:

A very good way to earn at least a good-sized fraction of a million dollars is to think up some new amusement device for that occasion; a mechanical thriller that will set the world talking.

There's no prize contest under way, and the World's Fair people have not asked me to send out this tip, though they'll gladly receive letters on the subject, but not long ago I heard Rufus C. Dawes, president of the Fair, say to a visitor:

"Well, go out and think it over, and if you get the right idea, it's likely to make you a multimillionaire." He was talking about amusement concessions. He knows about millions, but I gathered he'd like to know more about amusements. You must go back to the Fair amusements of 1893, for instance, to consider the possible amusements of 1933. Forty years make a difference!

It appeared easy to get thrilling amusements then. We were pretty simple-minded. We didn't know about motor cars, so a ride on that new mechanical sensation, the safety bicycle with the hard rubber tires, was breath-taking enough. There was the water slide, for instance; the boat toboggan, which we now call the shoot-the-chute. You'll find it in most amusement parks today; the old World's Fair gave it to them. There's the Ferris wheel in the amusement park in your city. Thank the old World's Fair for that. And the midway! Out of the old World's Fair's midway were born all of our amusement parks. Most of the excitements that were sensations at the old World's Fair in 1893 are still popular in the amusement parks today.

The Keynote of the Future

But all that is too old to be used at the new World's Fair. They tell me they'd like some device among the amusements so new and thrilling that every one will hear and know about it, long before coming to the Fair.

Members of the 1933 World's Fair staff are considering one amazing plan. The inventor wants to erect two gigantic steel towers, served by very speedy elevators which will safely carry gasping folks to the upper platforms. He then plans to transfer passengers from tower to tower on cars which swing from cables stretched between the peaks of the two sky-touching structures. Maybe you'll see something like that, at the Fair. It hadn't been decided upon at this writing, but it was a possibility. It will not be the only mechanical thriller, however.

"That's height you're talking about," said an amusement park expert with the "on-toward-the-future" viewpoint, discussing the towers. "I think people will like it, but we've got airplanes today and dirigibles. Altitude is old. People who haven't flown have been up, in skyscrapers. Every city has a skyscraper. Speed is what gets 'em today. That's what's coming in the future. Speed for moving these bulky bodies of ours. We can shoot our ideas and words around this planet like lightning and

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we'll be wanting our bodies to travel just as fast, if possible. You rig up some sort of a railway with a car that will hit a top speed of maybe two hundred miles an hour for just a second or so, and you'll take in the dollars up to the capacity of your cars."

But, up to this writing, no two-hundred-mile-an-hour device has been presented. However, there's still a year to go. Maybe by that time they'll be planning for three hundred miles an hour....

It is like storming the front-line trenches, to get into the Fair grounds today. You can't go anywhere among the swarms of workmen, even in the company of the highest Fair officials, without passes. The guards have guns! And no wonder!

The sight, at first glance, of this future-probing Fair is odd beyond description, though we'll all become accustomed to such sights within the next quarter-century. The eye of man has never before seen a group of such amazing structures. You know those senseless figures you draw with your pencil in a telephone booth while you're waiting for an answer? Well, some of these buildings look as if they had been planned just that way. For that matter, the sky-line of the entire two-and-a-half-mile stretch has that same perplexing, accidental appearance.

From office buildings, from hotel rooms, from the heights of Soldiers' Field and even from the broad sidewalks of Michigan Boulevard, tantalized citizens of Chicago and tantalized visitors have helplessly beheld for the past two years the constant growth and multiplication of these perplexing architectural question marks. The Fair is right abeam of the very heart of town. You can't miss the sight; it stands inescapably before the eyes of all Chicago.

"I can't make it out," said a telephone girl at my hotel on the lake front. "I've been watching it for over a year and it's all one great big what-the-heck to me."

The Man Who Does It

Two sky-lines face each other in this astonishing—and astonished—city. One is that overwhelmingly high, serrated wall of buildings that stands with its back to the west and looks out to the east over the water. The other is this fevered, grotesque sky-line, as artificial at first glance, and until you understand it, as a movie star's plucked eyebrows. It stands with its back to the water and flauntingly faces, across a vast stretch of parkway, all that seems old and solid and traditional in the great city that lies before it. Two sky-lines that fight; one sensible and solid; the other wild and almost sinister in its seeming lack of reason.

After two or three days of sight-seeing, going from one odd building to the next even odder one with my official guide, I asked the World's Fair officials a favor. It was this: "For goodness' sake, will you please give me a pass to the man who planned these buildings?"

Hundreds of thousands of people, next summer, will yearn to meet the fellow, face to face. They'll wonder, as I did, what kind of man it was in whose mind these extraordinary structures were born. They'll wonder what he was thinking of, what he was trying to do.

In his office in the Administration Building, he was surrounded by blueprints. None of them looked like telephone-booth drawings. He and the busy draftsmen and architects might have been building a union depot somewhere; nothing crazy-looking about them. But still I put that question, which thousands of visitors will yearn to ask:

"Why are you putting up such extraordinarily odd-looking buildings?"

Daniel E. Burnham, round-faced, large, carefully tailored business man and architect, smiled patiently. His father had planned and built the lovely white buildings of the Chicago Fair of 1893.

"Have you been in any of them yet?" he asked me.

"In most of them, I think."

"Well, tell me what you saw inside the Travel and Transportation Building, for instance. You know, after all, the inside of any building is the most important part of it. Stop and think a minute of the whole impression the *inside* of that Transportation Building made upon you. We'll talk about the outside appearance later on."

Yes, come to think of it, we had felt as small as ants in that gigantic circular structure where we shall see airplanes, rubber-tired railroad cars, electrical locomotives and even replicas of great motor ships. Its ceiling is as high as the roof of a twelve-story building. Above us was a dome, the largest man has ever built, two hundred feet across. The Capitol dome in Washington is one hundred and thirty-five feet across; that of St. Peter's, in Rome, largest in the world, is approximately one hundred and thirty-seven feet.

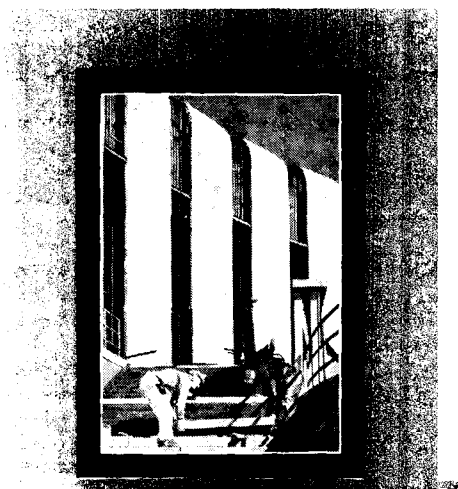
As I stood and talked with the guide in the center of the great structure, voices, hundreds of them, came to our ears; they grew in volume and number. It sounded like the heavy mumbling of a large convention. Soon it was difficult for us to speak with each other; a muttering crowd of voices almost drowned us out, and as we spoke louder the confusion only increased.

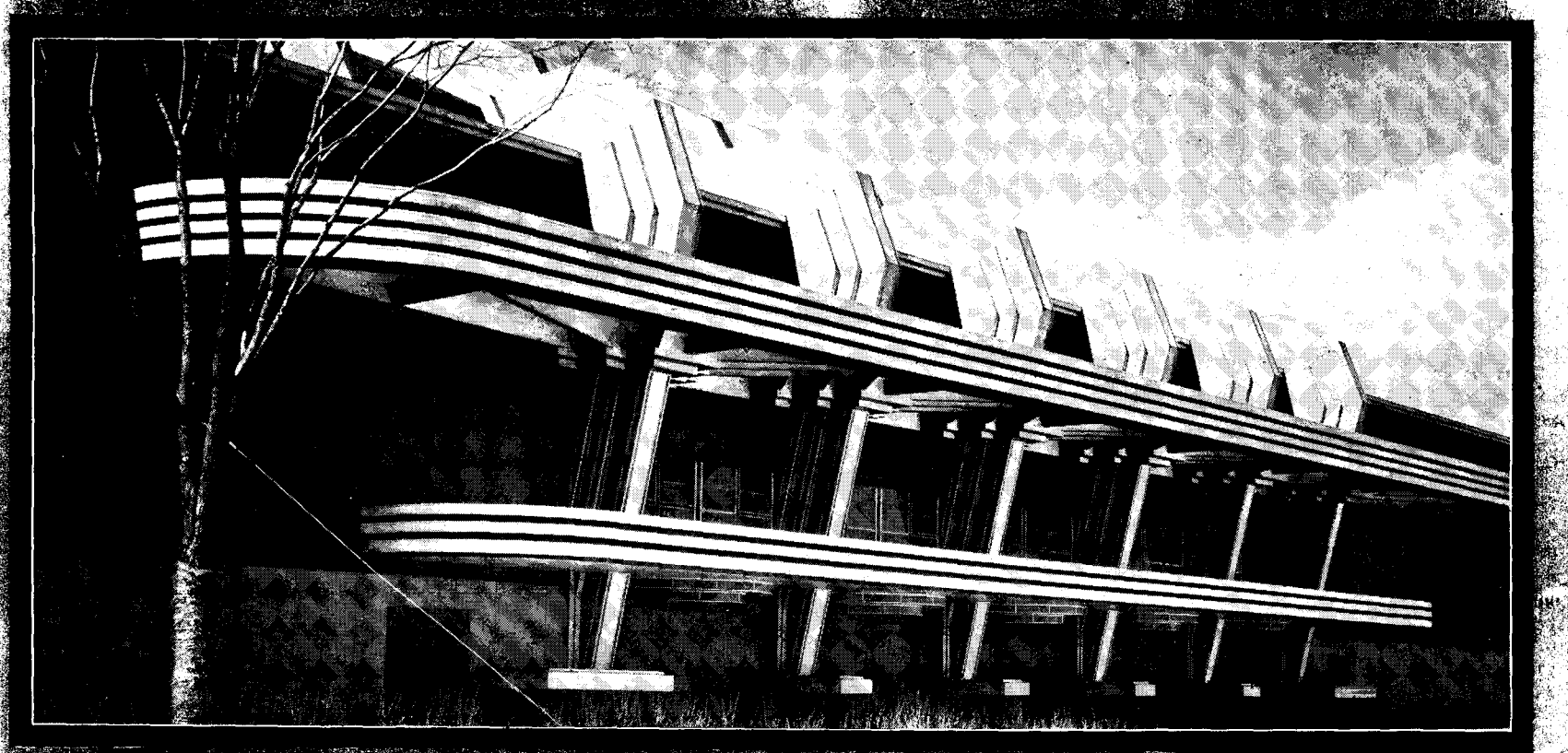
There's not another echo like that anywhere else in the world, for the simple reason that there has never before been constructed such a dome.

It is a flattened dome, a parasol. No inside posts or walls support it or *could* support it and leave the necessary great open, unbroken space beneath it.

"That dome is hung by cables like a suspension bridge," said the architect. "The giant towers you see around the outside of the building are the poles that support it. Of course we had to put the poles outside for the simple

(Continued on page 49)





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The Frightened Lady

By Edgar Wallace

The Story Thus Far:

A MURDER mystery—the killing of one Studd, Lady Lebanon's chauffeur, whom someone has strangled with a long red scarf—brings Chief Inspector Tanner, of Scotland Yard, hurrying to the village of Mark's Thornton. The inspector, assisted by two aides—Sergeants Totty and Ferraby—promptly spots two suspects: Dr. Amersham, a sinister person who, living in London, pays frequent visits to Mark's Priory, Lady Lebanon's estate; and Tilling, a gamekeeper, with whose wife Studd had, it is suspected, been having an affair.

That the murderer is a dangerous criminal soon becomes evident. Using a replica of the scarf found around Studd's neck, he tries to strangle Ferraby—and almost succeeds. Working cautiously, the three detectives watch everyone at the Priory: Lady Lebanon and Willie, her weak, eccentric son; Isla Crane, her ladyship's charming secretary (whom, for reasons of her own, Lady Lebanon wishes to marry Willie); Kelver, the butler; and various servants, including Brooks and Gilder, two American footmen.

At the first opportunity, Tanner and Totty search Amersham's flat, where they make a startling find: a duplicate of the scarf with which Studd was strangled! During the search, the doctor is visiting Lady Lebanon. He is, it appears, receiving money from her ladyship—blackmail, apparently. That the two know a great deal about the crime is obvious.

From Willie, Tanner learns some extremely interesting facts. Amersham, according to the boy, had for years been the former Lord Lebanon's medical attendant. Once servile, he has gradually become insolent, domineering. Years ago, his wife was murdered—strangled to death *with a long red scarf!* Willie is convinced that something is wrong at the Priory—that a secret of some sort is being hidden from him. He thinks Amersham should be watched every minute. . . . While pondering Willie's confidences, the inspector receives a telegram: Dr. Amersham has been murdered—by a strangler!

VI

A GARDENER, who had been to the village, was walking across Priory Fields to the greenhouses, when he had seen something under the shadow of a rhododendron bush. He thought it was some old clothes that had been thrown there, and went closer to investigate, and then he saw. . . .

Here was all that remained of Amersham, his stiff hands clawing upwards at his vanished enemy. Something had been knotted round his neck; the mark of the cloth was there plainly to be seen, but the murderer had waited long enough to remove this evidence.

A doctor had come from the village. Amersham had been dead for hours, he said. He was not prepared to give the exact time.

Lady Lebanon was in her room when they brought the news to her, and she was surprisingly calm.

"Notify the police," she said. "You had better send a telegram to the man at Scotland Yard. What is his name? "Yes, Tanner."

The phone message to the county police headquarters had, however, been transmitted to Scotland Yard, and Inspector Tanner did not receive Lady Lebanon's wire till later in the day.

Everything which could be done at the moment was done. The body had not been removed when the squad car came hurtling through the village and up the drive, and stopped to discharge Tanner and his four assistants.

THE police surgeon and the local doctor were on the spot, and Bill made a brief examination of the dead man's pockets. There was nothing here which at first glance afforded any clue. In one pocket he found three notes of large denomination, in another a passport.

Photographs had been taken before he arrived, and he ordered the body to be removed, after he had made a careful search of the ground, without, however, finding any trace of a struggle. But the gravel drive offered information. There were marks of a car wheel which had run off the drive onto the grass verge, had come back to the drive and gone onto the grass for some distance on the opposite side, and had finally come back to the gravel and gone directly towards the village of Mark's Thornton.

Those wheel marks were very informative, and he read them almost at first glance and, as it proved, without error. Fifty yards from the place where the car had left the drive for the second time, Totty found an accumulation of oil on the ground and the burned halves of two matches. One had been lit and had gone out almost immediately; the other had burned half its length.

With the assistance of Ferraby he went over the grass very carefully. Presently they found a cigarette, sodden with the dew. It had not been lit, and was bent and broken in the middle. They widened the circle, but found nothing new, and Totty carried the cigarette to Tanner. Bill read the words printed on the paper.

"A 'Mastersmoke,'" he said. "A purely American cigarette, though I believe people do smoke them in this country. Keep that, and the matches. Now come up the drive and see if we can find any footprints coming from the grass onto the gravel. If we find them at all they'll be just above the place where the car left the road."

THE gravel drive was damp; there had been an hour of rain on the previous night, and though no rain had fallen subsequently the night air had been damp and the roads had not dried. The marks of the wheels were clearly readable.

"Where is the car, sir?" asked Ferraby.

"The chief constable says it was picked up in a lane about two miles away. They're bringing it up from the village."

He looked round.

"In fact, there it is. Tell him to stop where he is, Totty. I don't want these

Illustrated by Joseph M. Clement

"Very unusual, isn't it," Tanner asked, "for a footman to have an account at a London bank?"

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tracks to be confused. And have a look at the tread and see how far it corresponds with the marks on the drive."

Totty came back and was able to identify the wheel marks.

"It's the same machine," he said.

"Did you find any footprints in the car itself?"

They had discovered one rather deep indentation, but it was absolutely valueless as a clue.

"I think I can tell you how the murder was committed," said Tanner. "Somebody jumped on the back of the car here. The top is now up, but my theory is that at the time the murder was committed it was down. It is so untidily raised that you will notice that all the loose ends of straps are hanging, and inside," he pointed, "the metal clips in the roof have not met." He pointed again. "It was at this point that the cloth went round the doctor's neck. This is where he left the drive, and from here on the car makes a pretty erratic course until it stopped on the grass, where you found the oil. It must have been there an hour before somebody came and drove it away. That somebody lit a cigarette before he got in. He opened a new packet of 'Mastersmokes'—Ferraby has just found a bit of wrapping that was torn off—and in pulling out the first cigarette he broke it and threw it away. The second cigarette he lit, after two attempts.

"He then drove the car back to the place where it was found. The chief constable said a policeman saw the machine pass at half-past two, but the top was up and he did not see the driver. That pretty well establishes the time. Amersham left Mark's Priory soon after eleven. He was killed within two minutes of leaving and dragged over to where he was found. The murderer then at his leisure came back and disposed of the car. He may have gone to the house—he probably did—but he would hardly hang around for two or three hours for no reason whatever. The man at the lodge remembers hearing a car go out, but isn't sure of the time."

He rubbed his chin furiously.

"Now the question is, Why on earth did the murderer leave Amersham's body in Priory Fields when he could have taken it in the car and disposed of it, or at any rate removed it from the scene of the murder? I wonder why!"

HE MADE a close inspection of the car, the top of which had been lowered on his instructions. The clock on the dashboard had been smashed. There were mud and scratches on the windshield.

"Amersham did that," he said. "When the thing went round his neck he threw up his foot to get a purchase and in so doing broke the clock. Those are his footmarks you see on the windshield."

He examined the carpet and the running-board. On the latter he found a deep, right-angled scratch as though something heavy had been dragged across the rubber.

"That is where he was pulled out of the car and dragged across the grass—there's a distinct track from the place where Totty found the oil to the bushes where the body was found. I'll see all the servants, and of course I shall want to see Lady Lebanon and the two footmen. Is Lord Lebanon back?"

"He arrived about a quarter of an hour before we did," said Ferraby. "Isn't that he?"

"Talk to him, Ferraby. I don't want to discuss theories at the moment, and I'm not in the mood to answer questions."

He strode up the drive and into the hall. Lady Lebanon was in her room, the butler said. There was somebody else waiting to see him, very eager and full of information. Miss Jackson was in her most communicative mood, and what she said was so completely interesting that Tanner took her into the grounds, and for half an hour was questioning her and checking her statements.

"Have you seen her ladyship this morning?"

"NO, SIR," said the maid. "I went to her room but she wouldn't let me in—told me to get out of the house as quick as I could. In fact she ordered a cab up from the village to take me."

"When was this?"

"At nine o'clock this morning. She gave me a month's wages, but she was so anxious to get rid of me that I thought I'd stay."

She smiled triumphantly.

"I know when people want me out of the way."

"This was before the body was discovered?"

"Yes, sir. She is so careful with the wages, I thought 'Well, this is very funny, taking all this trouble to get me off by the ten o'clock train. I wonder what's up?' So I missed the train," she said.

"Have you looked into her room at all?"

"No, but I do know this—she hasn't been to bed all night. Her evening shoes are all wet. I found them in her dressing-room, and there was mud on her evening gown. Mr. Kelver took her some coffee, and said the bed hadn't been slept in—you ask him, sir."

"I have no doubt I shall ask him," said Tanner grimly. "Had you heard of this murder before the body was found?"

She had not.

He went back to Totty.

"Walk down to the bushes where the body is and see if you can find any marks of a woman's high heels. Have a good look around where the car was standing, and make another examination of the drive lower down—say, at a point exactly opposite where the car was left. I particularly want evidence of a woman having been near the place, either where the car was or in the vicinity of the spot where the body was found."

He went back to interview Kelver, who was waiting for him in the great hall. The place was familiar to him, but he needed reminding. Kelver volunteered all the necessary information. He had the manner and language of a guide, and even the event of the morning had in no manner diminished his usual pomposity.

Yet he was perturbed; he had taken a decision himself and was waiting for a favorable opportunity to communicate his plans to his employer.

"This is the lounge, sir. It was originally the entrance hall, or, as they called it, the Prior's Hall. Some years ago the late Lord Lebanon had it converted into its present appearance at a cost of some thousands."

"Let's walk up to the wood," Ferraby suggested

THE room was a little cheerless by the light of morning. Lady Lebanon's neat desk he knew. Two footmen were waiting expectantly, standing with their backs to the small anthracite stove in a corner of the room, and were prepared for him. He was conscious that they were watching his every movement and did not doubt that their stories were already cast-iron and unbendable. He called the taller to him.

"You're Gilder?"

"Yes, sir." Mr. Gilder was very suave, entirely self-possessed. "I have had the pleasure of seeing you before this morning—in fact, I arrived only just a little ahead of you."

Tanner ignored an alibi which was by no means waterproof.

"How long have you been here?"

"Eight years."

Tanner nodded.

"You were here in the days of the late Lord Lebanon?"

"Yes, sir."

He was smiling as he talked. One might have imagined that he was participating in a very amusing ending to this little talk.

"A footman?" said Tanner.

"Yes, sir," said Gilder.

"Scotland Yard has been making rather a thorough investigation about you, Mr. Gilder. I've just had the result of it. You have an account at the London and Provincial Bank, haven't you?"

Gilder's smile broadened.

"That's very clever of you to find out. My opinion of Scotland Yard has gone up."

(Cont'd on page 41)

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Man from Heaven

By Sidney Herschel Small

"I see a picture of devils . . . the terrible ones with

THE Chinese plain was soft with the darkness of early morning. In the village of F'eng Shi one light burned. A bird twittered an opening note of the Hymn of Fire Worship, as if seeing the brilliance for the first time, and then hid its head; the true sun was not yet out of the hills. Even the youngest novice of the temple slept. Clutched in his hand was the hammer for the gong, which he was to strike should any of the featureless demons appear during the Black Hours. But, weary of his watch, he slept.

Under the light, in a house surrounded by a mud wall, Dr. Robert Ames looked at shapes more awful than the novice had ever imagined. His fingers moved the screw of the microscope until the objects on the slide blurred out, leaving only a pinkish smear for him to see. Aloud, almost in astonishment, he said, "That's all. I'm done. Finished." He tried to sit up with an attitude of elation, but for the first time in his thirty years his lean body refused an order.

"Bob Ames, you've done your job," his head was informing him. "A good job. A powerful good job. Worth three years in China, and certainly worth three nights without sleep, finishing up. Make a noise about it, Bob! You've done something." His head told him this, but every inch of his long six feet was already blissfully lax with the urge for sleep.

His eyes went to the steel box, impervious to the ravages of red ants and paper moths, which contained the tables of figures, the records and the data concerning fever X. He'd been sent to find the bacillus, and he'd found the ugly little fellow, headless, but horned like a unicorn; to Bob Ames it was a thing of beauty, and well worth three lonely years. . . .

Ames thought of clapping for Hsiung, his boy. The room was a mess. Cigarette stubs everywhere; at the end Ames had merely dropped the butts to the floor, where they expired, leaving jagged holes in the matting.

Unsteadily he stood up. Seventy-two hours without sleep . . . he managed to gather paper and slides, and place them in the steel container. More effort was necessary to put the microscope in its case. To have poured the beaker of alcohol back into the bottle was utterly impossible.

He stared at the porcelain figure of Ch'ou Lao, God of Long Life, given him for intervening his knowledge between the village and death; his eyes wavered to the pile of guest quilts on which the image—as is proper—stood.

"Ch'ou Lao," said Dr. Robert Ames, trying to grin, "move over, old boy."

HE WAS almost asleep as he picked the god from the silken coverings, but before he rolled into them some instinct forced him to remove his shirt. Before he could remove his slippers, his eyes closed.

For two hours, while dawn blushed and day brightened, the room was very still. Then Hsiung, aroused by daylight, padded into the room with fresh water and boiling-hot tea.

Not seeing his master at the table, he muttered a short prayer, fearful lest the strange devils which the white man kept imprisoned in pieces of glass might have carried Ames away during the night. He was backing away when he saw Ames in the quilts. Then Hsiung smiled.

"There are two things necessary to a man's life," he thought: "Sleep and women. My master has endeavored to get along without either. But I see that he sleeps. As to women, I do not understand him. He is not a priest, even if he is a man from heaven who has done us much good."

The Chinese put his tray on the table and carefully slipped several cigarettes into his sleeve. Then, sniffing cautiously, he bent over the beaker. It was neither rice wine nor yet purple brandy, but it had a familiar odor. Hsiung thrust a finger into the colorless alcohol and sucked it thoughtfully. Seeing how completely the white man slept, the servant lifted the beaker.

THE first delightful gulp was scorching him clear to his middle when the temple novice banged the summons for morning rice. Startled, since he was guilty, Hsiung let the beaker slide from his grasp. It shattered on the floor, making almost as much noise as the gong.

At last Hsiung dared look at his master, and saw that Ames had not moved. The Chinese thought placidly, "Perhaps the gods have saved me from sinning," and then went about performing the Rules Concerning Broken Objects. He bowed to the splinters of glass, and then to Ch'ou Lao. Next he wet his palm with evaporating alcohol on the matting and, since the beaker and its contents belonged to his master, he went noiselessly to Ames' quilts, bent down and placed the palm of his hand against the white man's forehead.

The rite completed, Hsiung shuffled off to the kitchen for morning rice and a filched cigarette.

He was at his second bowl of tea when he heard a pounding on the main door; he looked sadly at the cigarette, and then said sadly, "*Yau yan ha'mun.* . . . Somebody is knocking, and I must put out the foreign tobacco. If it is only a mendicant priest, I will tell him something! Interrupting a person's honorable food." Hsiung took a final puff, and then snipped off the burning end of the cigarette with a finger nail; he closed the picture book at which he had been looking, marking the page with a convenient cockroach, and padded through the house.

The words, "Who dares wake the man from heaven at this hour?" stayed in the Chinese's throat as he bowed, and managed a tremulous, "*Yap loi le'.* Enter." Hsiung could say nothing more. The coldness which froze his tongue in his mouth crept down to unhinge the joints of his knees.

There was the head priest himself, supported by two other priests. There was a white man, not so tall as the master, but broad and very red of face from the sun.

THERE were two women, one not worthy of Hsiung's attention, being old as well as white; the second woman was slender as a flower-boat girl of exceptional charm, with lips the color of pomegranate petals. None of these frightened Hsiung; it was the man at the end of the procession. A man with thin yellow face, with the bandit's mark painted in blue on one cheek. Hsiung knew it must be Tchin Kou, a robber so terrible that he had always scorned penniless villages such as F'eng Shi, and therefore remained as legendary as the underworld demons.

In a high voice, the ancient priest demanded Hsiung's master. Unable to speak, the boy pointed, and stood with lowered head until all went to the room where Ames slept. Then, despite the warning of what little sense had not been frightened out of him, he shuffled after the others. He heard the priest say something about the danger of awakening a sleeper, lest the missing soul be unable to return to the unconscious body, to which Tchin Kou snarled that he had no time to waste.

The bandit went immediately to the pile of quilts, and with one hand ripped them down. Ames did not stir, not even when Tchin Kou bellowed in his ear. Finally the Chinese shook him viciously. The doctor's rumpled, self-barbered black hair half covered his eyes; one of these opened, and must have registered the villainous countenance of the bandit, for Ames said thickly, "Nightmare

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This American girl was something new to Tchin Kou. The yellow bandit had never seen anything so lovely, nor desired anything so much. Neither had Doctor Ames

horns. . . . They move!" Tchin Kou screamed suddenly

Illustrated by Donald Teague

. . . who cares? I'm asleep. Get away, Handsome. I'm asleep. . . ."

"You're drunk," the white girl said suddenly.

Being asleep again, Ames could not answer.

The old priest spoke urgently, addressing the doctor: "O, my son, this is a serious matter. Tchin Kou takes your countrymen north for ransom—"

"All except the girl," the bandit reminded the priest.

"And I have explained to him that you will make the arrangements for payment here, and that you are a man of honor, if not actually a priest. I have told Tchin Kou that you know the lore of heaven, and the secrets of hell, and that to pass this village without seeing you would bring disaster on his enterprise. Wake, my son." The priest's voice cracked as he added, "You are needed, as we needed you in sickness. Awake, O man from heaven."

George Cameron caught the final words. "And a fine missionary he is," Cameron muttered. "Look at this room. Been on a bat for a week. Joan's right. He's drunk as a lord. He's useless. And, anyhow, I'm not positive that this guide isn't taking us to Pu Ki Leung—"

"We've been going north," Joan Sedgwick said. "Pu Ki Leung's east. That's what Ethel wrote when she invited us to her mission hospital. You can't tell me that there isn't something funny in the way our guide and coolies ran off, and then this sweet-looking crew appeared—"

"I'M FRIGHTENED myself, George," Ellen Cameron told her brother. "I wish we hadn't come at all. It's dangerous—"

"Rubbish," said George Cameron. "You're just upset. I've lived in Shanghai for years, and I never saw anything much out of the way. It's perfectly safe—"

"You're for going on with the guide?" Joan demanded.

"What else is there to do? We'll be all right, darling; Chinese . . . er . . . do not bother white women."

"No? Is that why old Paint-on-the-Face sat beside my sleeping-bag last night?"

Cameron said, "I—I was going to speak about it to him this morning—"

"Only you were fussing about cold shaving water. I loved you more in the States, George. You can do as you like, but I'm not going on."

"What can you do?" Ellen Cameron asked.

"Wake up Rip Van Winkle," Joan decided.

She splashed the contents of the water jug over Ames' head.

THIS time the doctor's eyes opened wide and, seeing what he saw in the first instant of consciousness, Ames blurted, "I like you better than the first dream, Handsome . . . always liked pug noses . . . stick around, honey. I dreamed I was in the rain. I'll awake tomorrow, and we'll . . ."

Then: "What's up?" Ames demanded, one hand wiping water from his face.

He was so entirely unaware of appearance of self that the girl laughed. "You seem to be, at last," she told him. "Was it a good party? Feel pretty rotten this morning? Or doesn't it hit you that way?"

Ames grinned until he saw Tchin Kou and the bandit's followers, now thronged in the doorway. He crackled into spluttering Cantonese. It was as well that none of the other Americans understood him, for Tchin Kou's ancestors, and any descendants he dared have sired, were all heavily involved. At the end Ames snapped, "Has my house become a sty for pigs, O evil one with the painted cheek? Depart, before I slice pieces from your ugly nose—"

The old priest protested fearfully, "My son, you address Tchin Kou, the Brave One, whose fame is known from Wall to Water."

"You are Tchin Kou?" Ames asked. The bandit admitted the fact, and Ames added in English, "How would you like a couple of good smashes on the nose?"

"They'd do him a lot of good," said Joan Sedgwick.

Ames turned on her. "Would they?" he smiled. He looked at her so long, so carefully, that the girl found herself flushing. Instantly Ames apologized. "I'm sorry," he said. "I haven't seen a real white girl for three years—three long years."

"Wine and song," Joan said, "and no women?"

"Not yet," Dr. Robert Ames admitted. "Now, before I become impolite and go back to sleep, will somebody tell me what's wrong?"

Cameron, his sister and the girl all began to speak at once; before they had said a dozen words Ames was able to guess the story, although he waited, head clearing from the fog of sleep, until they had finished. He said then, "Tchin Kou chased off your guide and coolies, and then started you north for the hills. When you were passing through F'eng Shi somebody told the head priest about it. He's a fine old chap, and thought of me. I'd say frankly that I'd pay the ransom, right off, and charge it to experience. Can you raise the money?"

GEORGE CAMERON said warily, "Miss Sedgwick's father is a director of the Imperial Consolidated Oil Company. I'm the Chinese contact man—"

"You mean the man who does the local bribing?" Ames asked. "Well, you ought to be able to meet Tchin Kou's demands. I'll see what I can do."

Instead of starting negotiations, Ames roared at Hsiung, "Cigarette, boy!" and the servant was so startled that he gave his master one of the filched cigarettes. "You will be beaten for stealing," Ames said placidly, which made Tchin Kou grin with understanding. When the tobacco glowed, Ames snapped at the bandit, "How much?"

"I am an honest man—"

"You are a thief and the son of a thief," contradicted the man all thought was a missionary. "Your father was beheaded and your mother was without reputation. How much payment do you want?"

Tchin Kou understood such talk perfectly. "For the old woman, a thousand gold," he said. "She is worth little. For the man, who acts like a person of importance, I request ten thousand, also gold."

"It can be arranged," Ames said shortly, knowing that it was not the time to begin bargaining. "Now, how much for the other woman?"

Tchin Kou examined the girl with his eyes. He said thoughtfully, "She seems a woman without a man. So I will retain her, at least for a time. Later, we can agree upon payment for her return."

Ames said calmly enough: "It would be wiser to take the gold now, Tchin Kou. The future, as the Tenth Book says, is always uncertain."

TCHIN KOU scratched his narrow chin.

"No," he said slowly. "For the other two, the old woman and the man, I will be given gold. I must go to the hills after I get it, lest less honorable men steal it from me, to say nothing of soldiers being sent after me. I will keep the girl."

Cameron said uneasily: "Everything O. K.? Bargain with him. Don't give him his asking price."

"Everything's bad," Ames said. "For your sister and yourself, eleven thousand gold will do the trick—"

"Too much! We won't pay it."

"What'm I worth?" Joan asked.

Ames did not reply.

"Oh," said Joan. "Oh . . . er . . . you

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Soiled Diamonds

Who killed Alliday? Detective O'Malley essays to find the answer—and follows a hunch to a hot spot

By William MacHarg

Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins

"Your soup ain't healthy," O'Malley told her, "for a hungry man to smell"

WHAT we got now," said O'Malley, "is a jewelry salesman got murdered and robbed. They tell me they got the case as good as solved, but still they put me on it. What good I should go around and ask a lot of questions when they already got the answers? This was a salesman named Alliday and he worked for a jewelry house downtown called Morant & Company. Well, they had to send fifty thousand dollars' worth of diamonds to a jewelry store in the Bronx, so Alliday took 'em in a cab and another guy went with him.

"When they was in Central Park the driver heard a shot fired in his cab and slowed up to find out what was wrong, and the other guy jumped out and run away into the bushes. A lot of people and cars got around, and they got a cop, and the cop went in the taxi with Alliday to the hospital, but by the time they got there the guy was dead."

"Have they got the man who did the shooting?"

"They got one they think is him. Burrel his name is, and he was a friend of Alliday's. They got him at headquarters and the taxi guy, too, who they're holding for a witness."

"Well, what's to be worked on, then," I asked, "if they've already got him?"

"That's what I told you in the first place."

"Did they get back the diamonds?"

"He had got rid of the diamonds and the gun. I got to go and talk with him, but I don't expect he'll tell me anything."

We went to headquarters and saw Burrel. He was an undersized young fellow of unpleasant appearance and had, I thought, a particularly evil face.

"How long had you known Alliday?" O'Malley asked him.

"A couple of months."

"Got acquainted with him, did you, because you knew his business and thought you'd stick him up?"

"I was at a picture show when this thing happened."

"Yeah, I heard you said that. You're out of luck that there don't none of the attendants at the picture theater remember seeing you."

The taxi-driver's name was Durman. He was about twenty-five years old and looked like any other taxi-driver.

"You're sure this Burrel is the guy that was in your cab?" O'Malley asked him.

"He looks like the guy," the taxi-driver answered, "but I never seen him but that one time, so maybe I couldn't really swear to him."

"You tell us about Burrel getting in the cab."

"Why, I was waiting in the cab when Alliday came out of the office building, and this other guy—Burrel, if he's the right one—was standing near the corner. He seen Alliday and came up and spoke to him, and they talked for a minute, friendly, and then both got into the cab. They kept on talking but I didn't pay attention or even hear what they was saying; and in the park I heard the shot."

He described the rest of the event just as O'Malley had already told it to me.

"Say, listen," he said just as we were leaving him, "how long are you guys going to keep me here?"

"I got nothing to do with that," O'Malley told him.

"WELL, somebody has. You treat a guy that's just a witness like he had done something. I got a wife, and she's worrying her heart out and the cops are bothering her."

"They got no business to do that," O'Malley said. "I'll see they quit it. You got any message you want I should give your wife?"

"If you see her, tell her to stop worrying."

"Get anything from either of them?" I asked after we had left them.

"Not a thing; and now I got to go and see Morant & Company, and it ain't likely I'll get anything there, either."

We went downtown. Morant & Company's offices were on an upper floor of a tall building, and Morant himself, the senior partner, saw us.

"Anything unusual, Mr. Morant," O'Malley asked, "about the way them diamonds were being sent?"

"Nothing whatever. It was all in accordance with our usual custom. We continually receive requests from jewelers to show them diamonds from which they can make selections, and one of our salesmen takes the diamonds to them in a cab. It was unusual, however, that Alliday took anyone with him. He was supposed to go alone."

"Yeah? Well, this time it seems he didn't. I don't suppose you know what time he left here?"

"We know exactly. We keep a record when stones are sent out and returned. I'll get it for you."

Morant sent for the record. Alliday had left the company's offices a little after three.

"I see," said O'Malley. "So it was this way: Alliday took the diamonds, went down in the elevator to the street and found a cab—"

"Oh, not that way at all," Morant told him. "We don't care to have a salesman with a pocketful of diamonds wandering about the streets looking for a cab. One of the boys went down and got the cab for him."

"I'd like to see that boy."

THE boy proved to be a frank-faced and intelligent young fellow.

"You see anybody hanging around the building entrance like they was watching for Alliday when you went down to get the cab?" O'Malley asked him.

"I didn't notice anybody in particular. There were plenty of people in the entrance and on the street, of course."

"Tell us how you done it, son."

"Why, the way I always do it. There's a cab stand at the corner and I went and got a cab and came back in it and told the man to wait, and then I came up and told Mr. Alliday it was there, and he went down to it."

"Know the cab-driver?"

"By sight. He's carried salesmen plenty times before."

We went down to the street. There was a cigar store in the building entrance and O'Malley went into it and telephoned headquarters.

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Stock Tragedy

And a sidelight on nepotism

By Clinton W. Gilbert

THE stock exchange investigation by a Senate committee, it was announced at the close of the last session of Congress, will go on. Lawyers and investigators will accumulate information during the recess, and the hearings will be resumed next winter.

This would be most satisfactory news if the Senate Banking and Currency Committee knew where it was going, if it had any objective. But it does not know where it is going; it is just investigating. And, so far as I can see, it is investigating certain minor evils, or, where they are graver evils, evils that are inherent in the corporation ethics of the country; not in the stock exchange where corporation securities are bought and sold. To cure such evils the stock exchange must take the place of the Government of the United States and be at least the censor of the morals of an industrial society.

As this is being written stock prices are going up; perhaps they still, in a somewhat jagged way, will be on the ascent when this is published. The real danger is not that there will be bull pools or short selling or specialists in stocks misusing confidential information or directors of companies speculating in the stocks of their companies from inside knowledge. But stock speculation may once more become such a maelstrom sucking in the credit of the nation or of the world, as the 1928-1929 bull market did, that for every man Jack and woman Jill in the country it will take the place the great lotteries take in some European countries. That is the catastrophe to guard against: the gambling insanity of three years ago, when even the national administration in Washington was a capper for the Wall Street game.

The stock exchange is the whipping boy for the sins of the period so well described in the book called Only Yesterday. That is why the stock exchange is being investigated by the Senate and why its faults, most of them probably inherent in every human institution, are being pointed out as if they were vital.

A Nation of Gamblers

Before 1928 and 1929 only a limited class speculated in stocks. If they were victims we were inclined to shrug our shoulders and say, "Serves 'em right!" But when the whole nation speculated, when waiters and bootblacks and clerks in stores were throwing their savings into the market, stock speculation became a social phenomenon of importance. When corporation printing presses could not turn out securities fast enough to satisfy the public appetite for them, stock gambling became a national danger.

A generation ago the speculative instinct commonly found its outlet in starting an individual business, in going to the frontier and developing something. Now the vast corporation, the chain store, occupies the field. About the only economic adventure left open is stock speculation. The radio, the telegraph, the telephone make the nation more susceptible to a general contagion; the lone hamlet could not be made to feel the fever of Wall Street in earlier times as it can now.

With this problem the Senate investigating committee has not discovered that it has anything to do. It is a timid committee. To approach the major problem might lay it open to the charge of radicalism. And anyway the major problem is probably baffling to a committee with so little knowledge of finance and business, so little acquaintance with stock-trading as the members of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee have.

Senator Glass of the investigating committee saw this problem and attempted to deal with it in an amendment to the Federal Reserve Act restricting bank loans upon securities, for stock speculation is carried on with such loans, anywhere from 60 to 75 per cent of the money used in buying stocks being borrowed money. But Mr. Glass' remedy was rejected as too radical.

No member of the Banking and Currency Committee of the Senate knows much more about Wall Street than the average man in the street does. The chairman, Senator Norbeck, is a well-digger from South Dakota. The second man on the committee is the strangely obsessed Brookhart of Iowa. Carter Glass understands banking and currency, and so does Bulkley of Ohio.

Walcott of Connecticut once was a partner in a stock exchange house, but he is rather inarticulate. Wagner of New York is probably one of the few members who have ever seen the stock exchange. The committee is generally made up of country lawyers and small business men.

The investigation from the outset has been timid and uncertain, probably because the committee realized that it must approach the evils of stock speculation gingerly for fear of stumbling upon the evils of business itself.

President Hoover had for a long time had it in his mind that there was a conspiracy to depress stock prices through short selling. A ghost story was started that there was going to be a "bear raid" in the stock market that would result in a Black Friday. The investigation was started to head off this imaginary crime, beginning as an inquiry into short selling.

Then members of the committee not so friendly to a past Republican administration which had bulled the bull market of 1928-1929 insisted that the bulls as well as the bears should be investigated. And so it was ordered. There were whispers that leading Democrats and that leading Republicans would be shown up. This is mentioned to indicate the intellectual level on which the investigation started.

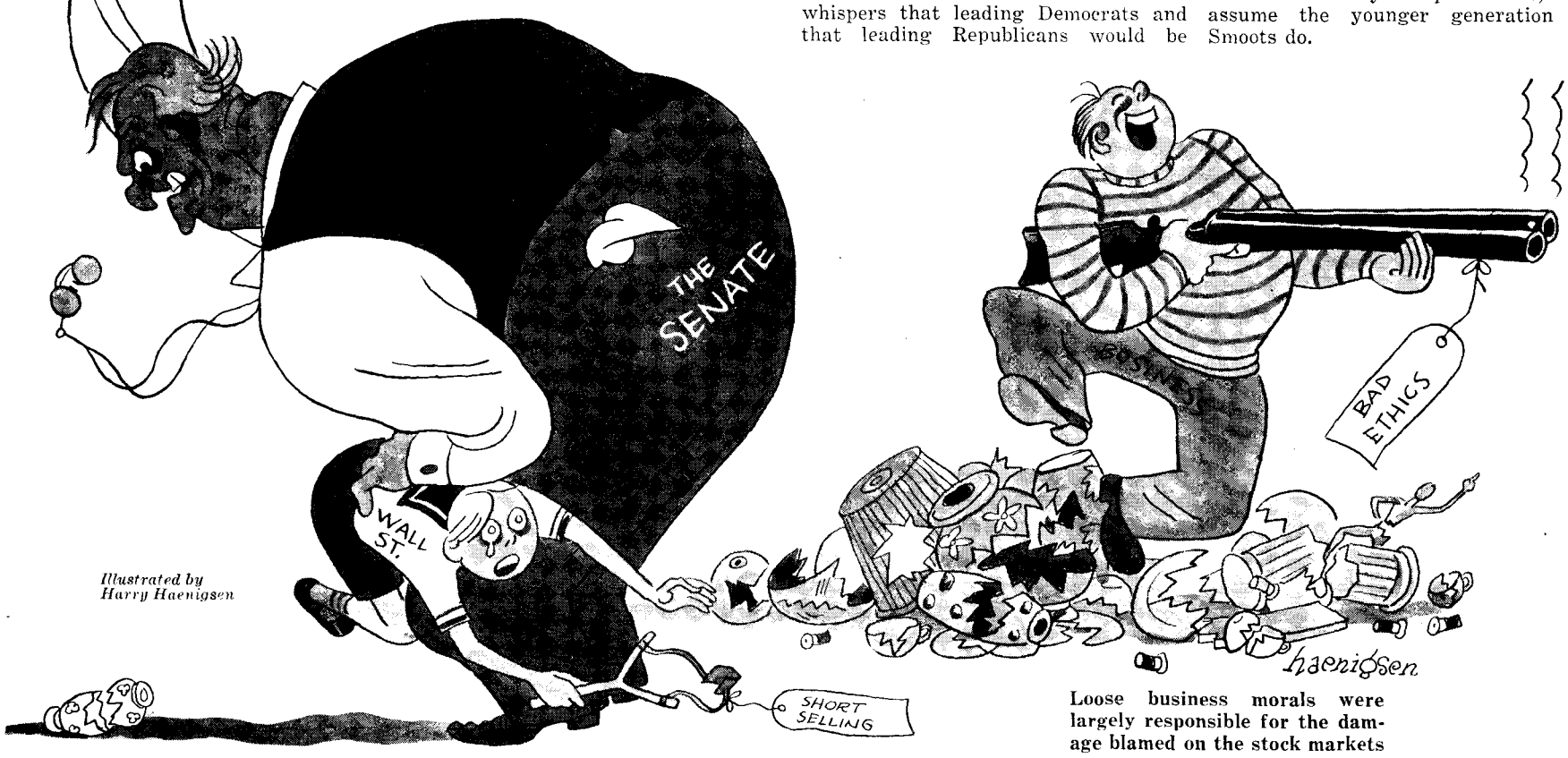
The bear raid proved to be a fiction. The inquiry into short selling was a water haul. Short selling was conceded to be a necessary correction of prices in a market, a shock absorber.

Bull pools were then inquired into, a feature of the great Coolidge market. Witnesses, after telling of their operation, were asked scornfully by the senators, "So then you unloaded on the suckers?" Everybody was a sucker in those days, even the successful operators of bull pools. There was nothing to show that the bull pools were any more than ripples in the great tide of yesterday's speculation.

Then Counsel William A. Gray of the committee began to show how directors of corporations speculated in the stocks of their corporations with inside knowledge, which is a question of business morals, not of stock exchange regulations. And so there we are with a certain amount of scandal on our hands but with no light on how to avoid another mad period of speculation or even another administration which will contribute to its excesses.

Senator Smoot Explains

In a recent issue of Collier's describing nepotism as practiced by members of Congress, I asserted that Senator Smoot had five members of his family on the Federal pay roll. He says that he has had only one at a time. The last available report of the secretary of the Senate lists, among persons employed in Senator Smoot's office: Ernest Smoot, a son of the senator; Margaret Smoot, a daughter; and among the others is said to be a married daughter, whose name I am not able to identify. It must be assumed these three were not employed at the same time. There was also on that pay roll the name of John A. Cardon, a grandson, as a page of the Senate, and on the pay roll of the Farm Loan Board was the name of Ariel F. Cardon, a son-in-law. The senator says he has used places in his office to enable young men to get an education. I see no objection to the employment of members of his family by a senator if they do the work they are paid to do, as I assume the younger generation of Smoots do.



Illustrated by Harry Haenigsen

Loose business morals were largely responsible for the damage blamed on the stock markets

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Myrtle was a Lady

The unvarnished truth about Myrtle Ross, who lost her heart at a lunch counter

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

MYRTLE was to Mellish's what the Girl from Rector's was to Rector's. To describe Mellish's as a lunch counter for business men would be a grave understatement. To describe Myrtle as a waitress would be a malicious libel. Mellish's was a lunch counter de luxe, a men's grill glorified, a restaurant with the Earl Carroll touch. And Myrtle was Mellish's leading lady, its première danseuse, its prima donna, its goddess.

Waitresses at Mellish's lunch counter were not engaged for their familiarity with crawfish soup or lamb goulash à la Mellish. They were chosen as for a chorus; they were expected to dispense smiles with the hors d'œuvres, sex appeal with the soup, womanly sympathy with the entrée and ladylike friendliness with the dessert. Men lunched at Mellish's for the purpose of filling their stomachs and feasting their eyes. As wise old Tony Mellish used to say: "Good food served by a nifty is even better."

Thus, for five years, Myrtle had stood at No. 1 station on the broad highway to men's hearts. Mellish's pay roll listed her: "Ross, Myrtle, counter supervisor . . . $10.50." Oh, cold and unimaginative words! Myrtle was more than that. She was the Queen of Cuisine, and the six leather pedestal chairs across the wide mahogany counter were her domain. When Myrtle said, cheeringly, "And what'll it be for you today?" men of all ages were apt to gulp and stammer: "Why . . . uh . . . s-soup, I guess."

Myrtle had attained No. 1 station and the post of supervisor not without competition. There were still connoisseurs who preferred Rosella at No. 5 or Dorothy at No. 9 or Ruthie at No. 14. Mellish's provided a varied menu in girls as well as in food. The luncheon guest might, in a casual glance, have his choice of any hair shade from black to platinum, or any figure from Boyish Flat to Plump and Cuddlesome. He might run the gamut of temperaments from Estelle, who was caviarish, to Nina, who was frankly frankfurters-and-sauerkrautish. Even when it came to morals, the range was comfortably wide. Priscilla at No. 11, for instance, was an any-old-story girl, while Mabel at No. 2 would say frigidly: "S'posing you tell that one outside."

Myrtle had won preferment, not only among Mellish's more discerning customers, but in the ranks of beauty that graced the huge rectangular counter. Maybe that was because Myrtle seemed to stand for the more wholesome items of fare. Her hair was the color of good cornbread; her complexion, with its few tiny freckles across an otherwise perfect nose, conjured strawberries and cream; her eyes reminded you of the blueberry pie Mother used to make. Perhaps it was because Myrtle would say in guarded tones: "The red snapper is not so good today. Better take mackerel," or, with a wondrous smile, "I saved you a cut of honeydew that's actually ripe."

Moreover, Myrtle was the best kidder of them all. It was Myrtle who won immortal fame among Mellish waitresses by saying to Mr. Schlaubaum, the manager: "Sure. Mazie sassed him because he got too fresh. Our souls may belong to Mellish's, but our bodies belong to us, see?"

But it was Myrtle's attitude toward men which really endeared her to her sisters-in-waiting. Myrtle coveted no city salesman, no junior executive, no wise-cracking realtor, no fatuous fat-and-forty-five playboy.

Myrtle desired Mr. Miller.

"Good golly, Myrt," Rosella frequently wailed, "why waste your time on *that* fella? All he can do is gulp and swaller his java the wrong way. He's too slow to catch cold."

"He's a nice fella."

"How do you know? He don't never say a word."

"He does, too. He's just bashful."

"I JUST can't dope you out, Myrt. Here you could be havin' dates with half a dozen fellas. Joe Brandt was sayin' today: 'You can wrap that one up for me any time'—meaning you. . . ."

"Joe Brandt!"

"He ain't the only one. Mr. Heffern's stuck on you. So's Johnny Morton—"

"I've had dates with them. Heffern's got a wife in Arizona and Johnny's all the time pawing you."

"Well, what's wrong with the Deubell fella . . . the one that wanted you to meet his mother?"

"Nothing much. I just don't like him."

Rosella was exasperated and scornful.

Rosella was a chocolate-éclair type, with very dark hair and oddly white skin and big brown eyes. Recently she had been going out with young Perry McKane. The McKanes had money. But there was ample precedent for Rosella's hopes. A number of Mellish girls had married well. One of them—Maybelle Healey, who used to have No. 7 station—had caught a millionaire cloak-and-suit man named Prischinski.

Myrtle had remained serenely indifferent to Rosella's criticism and the amused pity of the rest of Mellish's.

Mr. Miller had been coming to Myrtle's station nearly every day for eight months.

"Hello, Mr. Miller."

"'Lo, Miss Ross. Uh . . . how are you today?"

"Just fine, thanks. What'll it be for you?"

Mr. Miller would blush violently.

"Why . . . uh . . . the usual thing, I guess. Soup and a sandwich and coffee."

"The onion soup's extra good today."

"That'll be fine."

"What kind of sandwich?"

"Uh . . . why . . . ham. . . ."

"You had ham yesterday."

"That's right. Better make it tongue."

And Myrtle the magnificent, the maker of wise-cracks, would be reduced to a quiet "Okay, Mr. Miller. In a jiffy."

She who had been exchanging pert badinage with Mr. Klipstein and Mr. Blake and Mr. Logan would become suddenly serious and almost humble.

Mr. Miller always tipped her fifteen cents. A quarter is expected of regulars at Mellish's. But Mr. Miller got better service than any of Myrtle's other customers.

Myrtle thought Mr. Miller awful handsome. He looked kinda like Melvyn Douglas and sorta like Charles Farrell and sometimes he reminded Myrtle of Fredric March. He was tall and a little thin, and his eyes were dark and serious. He never paid any attention to the other girls at Mellish's. Women obviously terrified him.

IT HAD taken Myrtle several months to learn that Mr. Miller was some sort of investigator for the Bar Association and studied law at night school. She found it very difficult to talk to Mr. Miller about his work:

"I bet you have all kinds of interesting cases to work on, don't you?"

"Yes . . . uh . . . some of them are."

"Linda has a boy friend that's a lawyer."

"Yes? Well—"

"Just between you and I, Mr. Miller, he chases ambulances."

"Indeed."

"There's supposed to be a law or somepin' against that, is there not?"

"Yes. That is . . . uh . . . it's considered unethical."

"Oh, it is?"

"Yes."

Desperately: "You ought to make a good lawyer, Mr. Miller. Your voice—I mean—"

"Thanks, Miss Ross. I . . . uh . . . hope so. . . ." And Mr. Miller fled in confusion, forgetting to pay his check.

There were moments when Myrtle in her secret heart almost gave up. Rosella, acting in the capacity of best friend and roommate, sounded a warn-

Illustrated by Walter C. Klett

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ing: "He's either dumb or high-hatting you. No fella would act like he does unless sometnin' was behind it." Myrtle knew Mr. Miller was not dumb. The alternative theory worried her.

One noontime, Mr. Miller came in before the rush. Myrtle pretended to be sort of sad. She sighed heavily as she placed Mr. Miller's bowl of soup before him.

"Are . . . aren't you feeling well, Miss Ross?" he asked solicitously.

"Oh, I guess I'm all right. Only this work kinda gets on my nerves. I mean —the noise and the fresh fellas and all —I been thinking that maybe I'll study shorthand. There is not hardly any future in this kind of work."

"No; I guess not."

"I been reading a book called Know Thyself. Have you ever read it?"

"No, I don't believe I have."

"Well, it sure gets you to thinking. I mean about your future and the kind of work you really ought to be doing and not wasting your time and all."

Mr. Miller took a drink of water.

"I—I wouldn't say that you're wasting your time, Miss Ross. You're supervisor over all the girls, aren't you?"

"Yeah. Mr. Schlaubaum has been after me to be his secretary and—"

"I can't see you as Mr. Schlaubaum's secretary." Mr. Miller reddened and went on awkwardly: "I mean—I'd think it over pretty carefully."

"Thanks for your advice. I certainly will consider it, Mr. Miller."

"Go away!" Rosella sobbed. "I hate you. This ain't your room any more. I'll pay all the rent and you move"

MYRTLE was mightily cheered. Mr. Miller could not be high-hat. He thought working at Mellish's was all right. And Mr. Miller had not liked the idea of her being Mr. Schlaubaum's secretary. (Myrtle had not bothered to consult Mr. Schlaubaum as to his reaction.) But, just the same, Rosella might be a little bit right. Mr. Miller was very particular.

Two days later Myrtle enrolled in the Conversational English class at the Y. W. C. A. She also paid three dollars and seventy-five cents for a book entitled The Legal Profession. The Conversational English she concealed from Rosella by an elaborate series of yarns. The Legal Profession she hid under a stack of motion-picture magazines in her side of the bedroom closet.

Several weeks after that, Mr. Miller astounded Myrtle by volunteering speech.

"Lovely day, isn't it?" he said.

"It surely is," said Myrtle, remembering what the Conversational English teacher said about adding an *ly* to *sure*. "I'm lucky. I get off from three to six this week!"

"I envy you," said Mr. Miller disappointingly. "Uh . . . I think I'd like some iced tea."

But Myrtle's heart sang. One of these days Mr. Miller would. . . .

Then, it happened. . . .

Rosella drove by the boarding-house with Perry McKane and another young man in Perry's big car. She dashed into Myrtle's room, gasping: "Perry and I are going to get married. Come on, Myrt. You gotta be witness." It was just a little before midnight.

Myrtle smelled liquor on Rosella's breath.

"You're crazy," she said. "Take off your clothes and go to bed."

"I'm not crazy. Do you want to come or don't you? Perry's honking the horn."

Myrtle followed Rosella out to the car. Perry hailed her with alcoholic friendliness. He had a face like a bull-terrier puppy.

"You go on home, Perry," Myrtle ordered. "You don't want to get married."

"Who says I don't want to get married?" quoth Perry. "Come on, Rosella; hop in. We're going to get married."

Rosella climbed into the front seat. The young man in the back seat opened a door, giggling:

"This is gonna be good. Don't miss it. —Say, what's your name?"

Still arguing with Rosella, Myrtle got into the car. They drove across the river to a little town in Illinois. Frank went to sleep. Myrtle sat grim and silent in the tonneau. She said nothing as Perry inquired for the court clerk's house.

But when that sleepy official appeared in his front hall, Myrtle said plenty:

"You can't give these kids a license. Tell 'em so. They're both drunk. Rosella's under age—"

"You're a liar, Myrt."

"Don't pay any attention to her. She's—"

The clerk believed Myrtle. He gallantly offered to have both Perry and Frank arrested. Myrtle was content to be given custody of Rosella, who wept blowzily on her shoulder.

PERRY and Frank drove off in a rage. Myrtle and Rosella took an interurban owl car back to town.

Sobered, Rosella became angry again.

"What a friend you turned out to be!"

"You'll think different in the morning."

"You've queered me with Perry, that's what you've done!"

"If Perry's any kind of a fella he'll marry you when he's sober."

"Not after the way you made me act up tonight he won't."

Myrtle sat statuesque and immovable on the edge of the bed.

"You surely wasn't acting like a lady," she observed.

Rosella sniffed.

"You think you're so high and mighty all of a sudden. I know what's eating on you. It's that Miller fella!"

"I don't think we shall discuss Mr. Miller."

"Hunh. You got that out of a book."

Rosella was sulky all next day. Myrtle worked in a torment of anxiety while Mr. Miller was eating lunch. She was afraid Rosella might make some reference to last night's trip. But Rosella had nothing to say at all.

That evening Myrtle found her chum weeping on the bed.

"What's the matter, kid?"

"Go away!" Rosella sobbed. "I hate you. This ain't your room any more. I'll pay all the rent and you move."

"Did—did Perry change his mind?"

"No, he never. His folks

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have got him. They've sent him somewhere."

"Aw, snap out of it, Rosella. Perry's no good. Besides, you know it ain't ethical to marry a fella when he's drunk."

Rosella exploded:

"He's gotta marry me. He's gotta!"

"Kid—no—you didn't—"

But it seemed that Rosella had.

Myrtle said finally: "That makes it sort of different. I'm sorry I butted in last night."

Rosella shifted from self-pity to revenge.

"If he don't marry me I'll sue him for breach of promise. Linda says her boy friend, Mr. Rosenberg, is looking for—"

Myrtle hesitated. What would Mr. Miller think if he knew? Her best friend and own roommate mixed up in a thing like this!

"We'll go out and see Mrs. McKane," Myrtle decided.

Rosella demurred. She was afraid to face Perry's mother. Rosella was all for placing the matter in the hands of Mr. Rosenberg. But Myrtle was adamant.

They went to see Mrs. McKane the next afternoon.

Myrtle insisted on a taxicab. She was most ladylike at the door of the McKane residence in Albemarle Place.

"Will you please tell Mrs. McKane that Miss Rosella Jones and Miss Myrtle Ross wish to see her?"

She almost got away with it. The butler said, undecidedly, "Mrs. McKane made an appointment?"

Myrtle was placidly firm.

"It's a personal matter," she said.

THEY were ushered, finally, into a small reception-room. Rosella sat stiffly on the edge of her chair. Myrtle remarked: "Pull yourself together. They don't bite you in Albemarle Place. It ain't good manners."

Mrs. McKane swept down the marble staircase.

"Oh . . . two of you? Dear me, I only advertised for one . . . oh. . . perhaps there's been a mistake. You're not—"

"No'm," said Myrtle stoutly. "We're not seeking employment. Mrs. McKane, meet my friend, Miss Rosella Jones. She's engaged to your son."

Mrs. McKane was a tall, angular person. She flushed and said, "Oh . . . indeed . . . so that's it. . . ."

Myrtle remembered Conversational English.

"It's a very unfortunate occurrence and we—that is—Rosella surely regrets that there's been such an unfortunate misunderstanding, Mrs. McKane. And I will say that she's never been in any trouble like this before—"

Mrs. McKane's foot tapped the floor.

"I don't believe a word of it," she snapped. "Good day."

"Just a minute—" Myrtle got in front of her. "S'posing you get Perry in here. He won't deny it to our face."

"Perry isn't here. He won't be here. He's gone east."

"But if it's true, Perry ought to marry Rosella, oughtn't he, Mrs. McKane?"

Mrs. McKane turned on the sniffling Rosella.

"Marry *her?* Who are you, my girl? What are you? A chorus girl?"

Rosella put her chin up.

"You see?" she said to Myrtle. "Come on. It's no use talking to her. I told you how she'd act. Come on, let's get out of here."

Myrtle stood her ground.

"Rosella wished to create a scandal by suing Perry in court. I told her it would be very unfair to sue Perry in court. I kind of hoped you'd—"

"Blackmail, eh? You'll not get a cent." She rang a bell, and started away.

Rosella burst into a tirade: "Oh, yeah? We'll see about that. You can't high-hat me. You—I'll—"

Myrtle said, "Cut it out, kid."

They walked away from the McKane mansion in silence. Myrtle's face was flushed. She was thinking: "Rosella will sue and it'll all come out and Mr. Miller will think . . ."

"Why didn't you open up on her, Myrt?" Rosella wailed. "Why didn't you dress her down good? You just let her shove us out. Just wait till I get Mr. Rosenberg—"

The week that followed was an agony for Myrtle. Rosella's Mr. Rosenberg filed suit against Perry McKane for one hundred thousand dollars for breach of promise. It came out in the newspapers on Tuesday. Myrtle's name was not mentioned.

That Tuesday noon, Mr. Miller was for the first time in a conversational mood:

"I see that Mellish's has broken into print."

"Yes. Isn't it awful? All that publicity in the newspapers."

"Which girl is Miss Jones?"

"She isn't here today. She had to take time off to see her attorney. She works at Number Five."

"What's the straight of it, Miss Ross? I—I mean, do you think she is justified—"

"Well, I really don't know *very* much about it. Of course, we all feel that Miss Jones shouldn't of—have got the rest of us into the scandal. Not that we're really in it, of course, but it looks kind of bad."

"Breach of promise suits are usually dishonest, I'm afraid."

"They surely are, Mr. Miller. As I explained to Ro—Miss Jones—we're not at all close friends, but she asked my advice—I said: 'You got no business bringing on all this publicity, Miss Jones. And you certainly shouldn't expect your friends to expose themselves to scandal in case they should know something they'd just have to testify in court about!"

Mr. Miller nodded.

"Of course, her friends actually couldn't be forced to testify in a case of this kind. That is—they could show themselves to be antagonistic witnesses and her lawyer would hardly be rash enough to put them on the stand."

"Oh . . . is that the ethical side of it? I didn't know. I thought they could make you tell the truth."

Mr. Miller smiled.

"You can lead a witness to the stand, but you can't make him tell the truth."

Myrtle giggled with nervous relief.

"That's good. That surely is good, Mr. Miller. I mean—it's really clever. It's not just a wise-crack—"

"I think I'll start with soup, today," said Mr. Miller, in great confusion.

ROSELLA brought Mr. Rosenberg to the boarding-house to talk to Myrtle. Mr. Rosenberg talked crisply to the point:

"You're our best witness. McKane's lawyers have bought off that Frank guy. He's left town. There's only one point we've got to get straight—about the drinking the night of that elopement. McKane had been drinking, but he wasn't what you'd call drunk, was he?"

"Yes, he was. He was stewed to the gills. If I testify, I'm not going to lie. It is not ethical. But the fact is, I don't think I can testify at all. I told you, Rosella, right from the start that I did not think suing a fella in court is any way to do at all."

"But, Myrt, you gotta! You're my best friend, ain't you? You ain't gonna throw me down? Gee, Myrt. . . ."

Myrtle would not promise. She was remembering what Mr. Miller had said. There was too much at stake. Why, at the rate she and Mr. Miller were getting along—with him talking right out and all—in another two or three months Mr. Miller would ask for a date.

Several days later Myrtle had a visitor. Mrs. McGinnis, the landlady, showed him into the parlor. He was a gray-haired man with shifty eyes and a fatherly smile.

He hemmed and hawed, saying finally, "But the point I'm making is . . . you'd . . . you'd naturally . . . that is . . . a girl of your refinement would naturally feel a revulsion toward the publicity of such an affair. Am I right?"

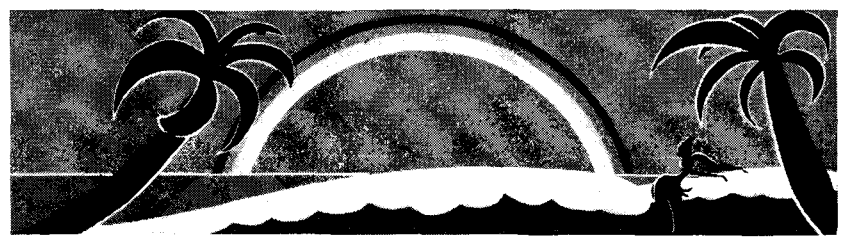
"I surely do. Nothing like this has ever happened to me before. I surely wasn't raised to—"

"Exactly. Just what Mrs. McKane said of you. And that is why she would like to help you avoid any scandal. She suggests . . . and I hope you will take this in the right way . . . that you might like a nice trip to Europe at her expense."

Myrtle looked at the carpet.

"No, sir," she said regretfully, "I don't think I could go to Europe just now. You see—" and Myrtle stood up—"I never go abroad during even-numbered years. I'm funny that way." Then she sailed into the hall and yelled at Mrs. McGinnis: "Maw McGinnis, will you show this man the door?"

(Continued on page 38)



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

One of the most beautiful sights in the night sky is the moonlight rainbow. It is often seen in the Hawaiian Islands and far surpasses the day rainbow in delicacy and softness.—*By W. H. Bushnell, Aberdeen, Washington.*

In England during the 17th century it was customary for the gentlemen to smoke in church.—*By Tom Davin, New York City.*

A recent survey made among a large group of American psychologists revealed that 92 per cent of them believed human nature to be free of anything ineradicable or instinctive which might make war between nations inevitable.

Visitors to the dungeon in Carlisle Castle, England, are frequently moved to tears by the story and sight of the "Licking Stone." About 500 years ago war captives—denied food and water—found this damp stone high in the wall and in their efforts to moisten their parched lips clawed it so deeply that the marks are still visible.

Germany now has 27 political parties; Greece now requires that all its canned goods bear the date of packing; and Russia now pays a regular allowance to nearly all of its university students.

New things: Noninflammable awnings; aluminum jewelry; and a machine that not only counts paper currency but throws out the counterfeits.

Out of every 100 drug addicts in the United States today, 80 are men and 20 are women.

Less than 10 per cent of all the numerous species of flowers growing throughout the world have a pleasant odor.

The most important invention-discovery made on this earth was not the use of fire, the wheel or writing, but the discovery of the function of the seeds of plants. It resulted in agriculture and freed mankind from the constant and haphazard search for food.

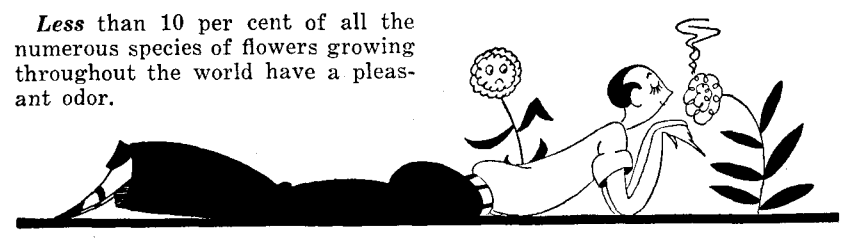
The recently revived practice of "dunning" by postcard has brought out the fact that a card containing the amount owed, a threat to sue or other matter reflecting on the debtor's conduct violates a postal regulation and makes the sender liable to a maximum penalty of a $5,000 fine and five years' imprisonment.

Oftentimes when a ship's wireless operator makes a mistake or has an argument with another operator, many others who happen to be listening in give vent to their amusement by jamming the air with the famous radio laugh—two dashes, two dots, two dashes.

Although many authorities believe the superstition surrounding the number 13 originated with the betrayal of Christ by one of His 12 disciples, the fear of this number has been traced back many more centuries and was known to people as widely separated as the Norsemen and Hindus.—*By James Hall, York, Pennsylvania.*

The colossal statue of Sleeping Ariadne in the Vatican is thought to be the world's only marble figure with eyelashes.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York City.



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Change your Dress

Jeanne Aubert, one of the loveliest and smartest women of the stage, has a passion for clothes and an uncanny power to make several costumes sprout where unimaginative eyes can see but one. Here she demonstrates, magically, how to turn a few clothes into an extensive wardrobe

By Marie Beynon Ray

JEANNE AUBERT took an imaginary curtain.

"Ladies and gentlemen," she began, pushing back imaginary sleeves, "as you see, I have nothing up my sleeve. I intend to perform a feat of legerdemain never before attempted before any audience. Watch me closely. Remember that the hand is quicker than the eye."

She gave me, her audience of one, a large wink. Standing alone on her own hearth-rug, she produced the illusion of being the center of a crowded stage. Wherever Jeanne Aubert stands is the center of the stage.

"I am going to perform the unheard-of feat of making two costumes out of one. The lady in the fifth row on the aisle, who can afford only one new evening gown this season but would like it to look like half a dozen, should give me her closest attention.

"I have here, as you see, a simple black chiffon evening gown—any black evening gown will do." Jeanne shook out, held off and admired a purely imaginary gown. "It would be charming with cerise satin slippers, a cerise cut-velvet evening bag, and a very cerise mouth.

"We will assume—and it may not be far from the horrid truth—that you'll have to wear this same gown again and again—and again. How can you make everyone, including yourself, believe it's a different gown each time? Aubert the Great will show you. Watch me carefully now, for this is where the trick comes in.

"A twist of the wrist—presto! Change! What have we here? Would you believe it?—a pink and black evening gown. I simply drop the black chiffon dress over a pink chiffon slip which shows through, all shimmery, trails below it on the floor, falls softly over the black bodice at the neck and appears again draped around the armpits, in and out of the black shoulder straps.

"Then I twist a bit of the pink chiffon with the black to form a girdle, clap a spray of pink chiffon flowers on the shoulder, and I have a new dress. Even its own mother wouldn't recognize it.

"And here you see"—plucking them out of the air—"are pink satin slippers and a little Persian brocade purse to give the final touch of difference from the original all-black dress.

"Astounding? It's really very simple, ladies and gentlemen. Just a little sartorial magic and there you are—two gowns out of one."

Completing her pantomime, Jeanne dropped into a chair and clasped her hands. Her audience of one applauded.

"You asked me what one could do, when one has to count the pennies, to dress more economically—and still smartly," she said. "Well, just that. Learn to make two gowns grow where only one grew before. I think it's rather a clever idea, don't you?"

With pardonable pride, Jeanne patted the blond snail shells over each ear. "When I was poor, I was always thinking up ideas like that. One doesn't need to be a millionaire if one has a million dollars' worth of imagination.

"Before I made a success in the theater, I had very little to spend on my clothes, yet I looked extremely chic, largely because of these sleight-of-hand tricks. I appeared to my friends to have an unlimited wardrobe, though, I assure you, had you looked in my closet, you would have seen very little. I went to many parties in those days. Now I do not care for parties. I prefer my backgammon at home. But you can imagine if, on a small salary in Paris, it was difficult to dress for so many affairs!

A New Gown Each Night

"I think my greatest achievement was with this same little black dress—Chanel's latest chiffon rag. She has a sensational new one each season. On Monday night I would go to *Bœuf sur le Toit* in the black gown with black sandals, black gloves—very dignified and elegant. On Tuesday, I am invited again, say to the opera. I can't wear this same gown twice in succession. So what do I do? Drop it over the pink chiffon slip.

"Wednesday, Thursday and Friday I go out again. Oh, I am very popular! Why not—a girl who has so many clothes and attracts so much attention?

"Wednesday—which of my many dresses shall I wear on Wednesday? My escort tonight has a passion for red. He adores a blonde in red. Very well, I shall thrill him in red. Over my dear little head and the black chiffon foundation I slip a red lace bolero, carry a red brocade bag and wear red satin sandals.

"Thursday evening's cavalier loves misty, trailing things—Princess Lointaine effects. We strive to please. So Thursday I am the Far-away Princess in that same black gown but with a long, long scarf—two long scarfs, in fact: one blue, one green chiffon that I can manipulate in many ways. One way is to attach the scarfs at the shoulder, drape them in a long loop in the back, then wind them around the waist to knot at the front and hang in floating ends. Blue jewelry and accessories. Well, is it not an idea?

"I often think, why don't women who can't spend unlimited

(Continued on page 40)

Oggiano-Mitchell

Says Jeanne Aubert—who could have taught a trick to Thurston—"I succeed because I try to please everybody"

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Wife for Sale

By Kathleen Norris

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The Story Thus Far:

SOMETHING must be done to save the little Oliver family (the widowed Mrs. Oliver, her son Keith, and her two daughters, Evelyn and Norah) from poverty. But what? Norah—madly in love with David Howard, who, once interested in her, has grown strangely indifferent of late—has an inspiration. A husband will save the day. She advertises for one. Within ten days she is married, secretly, to a man whose reply appeals to her: Barry Dunsmuir.

Dunsmuir is an explorer. A few hours after the ceremony he sails for the South Polar regions. And Norah (having announced that she has become his secretary-housekeeper) finds herself ensconced, with Evelyn and her mother, in her husband's New Jersey farm, "Foxaway." . . .

Weeks drift by. Then comes tragic news: Barry Dunsmuir's ship has gone down—Norah is a widow! . . . More shocks await the girl. Hazel Dunsmuir, Barry's cousin, announces that Foxaway will soon be hers, that Barry has willed it to her. After which, Lucille Swann, one of Barry's friends, amazes Norah by claiming to have been engaged to him before he went away! . . . Not absolutely certain of her husband's death, Norah decides to say nothing of the marriage. While awaiting developments, she has a caller—*David Howard!* "Of course you've heard the news," he says, after greeting her effusively. "About Dunsmuir, I mean—they think he may still be alive."

David knows nothing, of course, of Norah's marriage. He gives every evidence of being deeply in love with her. At last he asks her to marry him. Norah, adoring him, tries to summon up the courage to tell him the truth about herself: in vain. . . . Dozing off one night, she dreams that Dunsmuir has come back to her. And suddenly, wide awake, she experiences a strange conviction: *Barry Dunsmuir is still alive*—Barry Dunsmuir, to whom she, who does not love him, is bound for life!

VIII

KEITH'S Anne had suddenly married Fred Wilson, and Keith, while not heartbroken, was hurt in his pride, and had done with girls forever. He told Norah so, when he came up for a cold, snowy Christmas, and when they stoked fires and tramped white roads together.

Anne's faithlessness had perhaps opened his eyes to Norah's own stubborn loyalty; the brother and sister felt that they had never really known each other before. Norah bloomed under Keith's affection, Keith's admiration, and Keith was quite frankly captivated by this new, brown, capable, farm-keeping sister, with her uncanny knowledge of fires, drafts, eggs, fowls, fruit markets and the whims of cattle.

He had wanted her to go back with him to Guatemala, and his mother to make her home with them both. They'd love it, Keith predicted; it was all different. Lazy, easy, white-clad, with servants obtainable for what tips alone would be in a New York apartment, and a job for Norah waiting in his company.

But now, puzzlingly enough, Elinor wanted Mother, too, for a great part of the time. The objectionable Bill had to be on the road for periods of weeks, and Elinor and her baby would be alone in the new house in Scarsdale. Elinor, despite her inconsiderate conduct, adored her mother; she was violently opposed to the Guatemala scheme.

AND to completely confuse all plans, Eve had begun, in a haughty sort of way, to quote one "Johnnie Driscoll" on all occasions. Scornfully, almost contemptuously, still she did quote him. Young Doctor Driscoll was associated with the Olivers' family doctor, in imposing offices on Lexington Avenue; he was short and red-headed and given to innocent British puns, and marrying him would make Eve a subject of George the Fifth, but still—

"As for my going," Norah explained to her brother, on a cold March walk, "it wouldn't be possible. I belong here, and you and the others can come back here as often as you like."

"And what are you going to use for money and food?" Keith inquired.

"I'll have money."

"You mean you'll marry David?"

"I mean that next month, April, I'll have to face the music. You see, David wants to announce it in May—our engagement, I mean—and to be married immediately. And before that I'll have to get a court decision, or something."

"About back salary?"

"No, not that. That was always paid, but I was so stupid that I never found out until I saw Judge Bailey, in September. Barry, of course, had the checks sent to the Bronx bank where he had started my account, and I had closed that out when we moved, and never thought of writing there. No, it's this, Keith," Norah went on, hesitatingly. "I'll have to have our—our marriage annulled.'

"Your *what?*"

She laughed nervously.

"Keith, I was married to Barry Dunsmuir."

KEITH stopped short on the cold, frozen road; looked at her.

"Hit your telephone!" he said.

Norah laughed again, more naturally.

"No, really. That's what's made it all so queer. That's what made me so nervous—so half-hearted, in the very beginning. Don't you remember that I didn't want to take this job, I was all upset about it?"

"I do remember that. But you and Dunsmuir—but were you in love with each other?"

"Not exactly. But it was any port in a storm, for me."

"And he? Was he so keen to get a wife?"

"Well, in a way. He's a strange person, you know."

They went on walking.

"So, I thought, until that's all straightened out, I'd stay here with Mother. I couldn't marry David while there was any chance that Barry might come back."

"There isn't any chance now. Not really."

"So they all say. But if the newspapers should get all this, then how

"It's mine, Mother—Foxaway's mine!" Norah laughed and sobbed. "He left it to me—and money, thousands of dollars!—'To my beloved wife'"

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could I come smugly out with my engagement to David?"

"Mother know about you and Dunsmuir?"

"No, but I'm going to tell her. These Dunsmuirs, these cousins of Barry's, are making trouble, too," Norah went on worriedly. "Judge Bailey says we must tell them, of course. But it won't make any difference as far as Foxaway is concerned, for he left that to Hazel Dunsmuir, in his will. He left her the place, and left his money to a fund for Antarctic research—fungus research, or something. Hazel thinks that she's been left money, too, I know, but Judge Bailey told me they're going to read the will next month, by court order—then my claim will come in, what they call the statutory claim of the relict. I'm the 'relict.' Don't you love that?

"But just the same," she presently resumed, after her brother had given her a hand over a muddy ditch, and when they were on the descent above Foxaway, "just the same, I hate all the fuss! I hate questions, and people looking at me. And I'm afraid Mother'll be wild. She feels badly enough, going away. I wish May was over!"

"WAIT a minute, Norah. You're happy over your engagement to Howard?" Keith said, catching at her arm.

"Oh, yes," Norah answered, after a second's imperceptible hesitation. "I think David will hate all this—" she added irresolutely.

"The marriage stuff?"

"Well, and the fact that I kept it all from him. And then this Lucille Swann business."

"I'd forgotten that. How about that? How do you account for it?"

"I account for it by suspecting that she's one of those pathologic cases that always announce engagements to lost men."

"I see!" As they turned in at the pasture gate, above the pool, Keith laughed. "It is a mess!" he conceded.

"Five weeks to May Day!" Norah said ruefully, at the kitchen door. . . .

They were the loveliest weeks of all the year; the weeks that brought back peepers and green willow shoots, running brooks and blue skies, and the first hints of grass and lilacs. Norah watched them pass with a heavy heart.

She dreaded May Day. It was to be the beginning of so much that was new and strange, and the ending of so much that was familiar and loved. She was to tell her family, and he his family, of her engagement to David on May Day, and of their plan to be married a few weeks later. And she was to turn over Foxaway to the Dunsmuirs on that same day.

The Dunsmuirs were coming up to the Lake House at Cattahunk, and old Judge Bailey was to drive up from Morristown, and the whole formal business of relinquishing the place that had been home to the Olivers for sixteen eventful months would take place.

Barry's will had been filed after the unsuccessful return of the second relief expedition; it gave Foxaway to Hazel Dunsmuir. That was flat. Barry was officially dead, as Doctor Sassoon was dead. The great explorer's body had been found buried deep in an iceberg that was frozen tight to the icefoot off Ross Sea. His journal, wrapped safely in the collapsed tent, had ended the story: "No food since Friday; we think this is Monday, September third," said the penciled lines. "We are drifting toward land; Jens did not get the seal. Bad, bad, bad. Barry—"

Illustrated by Mario Cooper

That was all, and even that bit was blurred, almost illegible. Norah had pored over the meager newspaper reports hungrily; there was no more. It was all over.

And immediately she had had letters from Mrs. Dunsmuir and Judge Bailey. They would be up as soon as the rains ended; would she be ready to surrender the farm?

Yes, of course she would. She had no choice. Norah's heart had ached fiercely at the necessity; she had consoled herself with the thought that, after all, she and David could not live there after they were married, and the expense of keeping so large a place going would be out of the question for them anyway. Indeed, finances were already worrisome; her mother's plans, Eve's plans, her own clothes for engagement parties, would all cost money, and money was scarce.

"YOU could get something, you know, from Dunsmuir's estate," Keith hopefully observed one night when they were talking.

"I don't want to! I'd take Foxaway fast enough, if I could get it. But I'm not his wife, Keith, nor his widow, and I couldn't put in any claim. I only want enough to get clear and away!"

"If it was only a thousand," Keith said, "it would help clearing up here, and getting Mother settled in town."

"A thousand!" It sounded to her like an immense sum.

"Does the Howard family know about your marrying him?"

"No." The subject made her nervous. "And I don't want them to," she said. "I'm going to tell David, but not his father and mother; it sounds so silly. It sounds so common! I just want to forget it."

"Well, I think you're rather a fool not to take what you can get," Keith observed mildly. He had been transferred, in midwinter, from his company's Guatemala office to their New York office; he was shortly to go back to Central America, and hoped this time to take his mother with him. Eve, taking a correspondence course in interior decorating, was also at home; the Olivers had enjoyed a brief country interval, freed from the city's strain and pressure; now it appeared that Foxaway had been only a reprieve, not a cure for their troubles. From the time of their father's death they had all been drifters, taking the line of least resistance, formulating no plans; flotsam on the tremendous current of the biggest city's turbulent waters.

Just this last year Norah had hoped for something better; background, occupation, significance in her life. It had been defeated; this first day of May was to see everything changed. And dearly as she loved David—and she told herself continually that no girl could have a more splendid fate than to marry David—she knew that she would surrender Foxaway with a sense of bafflement, of defeat.

David would take care of her now. But at Foxaway she would have been able to take care of herself.

KEITH had a few hundred, Norah less than a hundred dollars; David assured her enthusiastically that his father would lend the Olivers any amount. They would get through, of course; they would be quietly married, everything would straighten out. But there was no sense of triumph, of excitement about it. It was rather like turning into a port in a storm.

"If only I were sure I loved David!" she would say, half aloud, as she scraped the old wooden bowl of scraps for the chickens, or wandered up the lane to call Barbara and her school gang for a Saturday lunch. And she would answer herself at once: "Of course you do! Isn't this what you've been praying for?"

At all events, David was in no doubt of it. He was a completely normal person, which meant, at twenty-five, that he thought well of rich, handsome, popular David Howard. Norah never saw a sign of uncertainty as to his plans or hers, in David.

And under all these plans, for her, burned the wretchedness, the jealousy that stirred in her whenever she thought of turning Foxaway over to the Dunsmuirs—those complacent, proud, cold cousins who would take the place she loved and ruin it, chop down trees and destroy the old barns and fences, throw out the daguerreotypes and the samplers, send up sets of new china and modern chairs and beds.

Norah, a few days before the change, packed away in a special trunk of her own some certain books and letters and old dim photographs. After all, it wasn't quite stealing; after all, she had some right to Barry's old letters and his little-boy diary, written with a bursting heart in his first boarding school.

Norah's eyes had been wet more than once, as she read the old record, and she had seen through a blur of tears the picture of the little boy in his sailor suit, leaning against his seated mother's knee, looking up with infinite content and adoration into the tenderness and love in her face. Not a strong-looking little boy, not handsome, but it was a good, wistful, hopeful little face. And shortly after the old photograph had been taken, she knew, his mother had gone, and the ten-year-old Barry had been packed off to a western school that had meant only torture and loneliness to his odd little spirit; Norah knew this, because she had read his tear-grimed, muddied, inky letters to his dead mother—letters jealously shut away into his private notebooks, but presently to be stored here, in the old attic, among his arithmetics and grammars, and all the miscellany that had been sent home after him when he had been invalided back to the farm a few years later.

"I AM writing to you, Mother, if even you're dead," one of them, written weeks after the little boy in black had stood crying at her grave, explained seriously, "because so far I haven't any other friends."

"They laugh at me when I read, and a bunch of them come 'round me every night, and say I'm yellow," another letter said. "And these are the little kids from the seventh, and I cannot lick them or they would yell. It is one hundred and seven days to vacation but it seems quite a while."

"I went out into the woods tonight, and prayed that you or someone would make my father take me out of here," one broken-hearted document confessed. "They think I am no good and I guess I am no good."

The little-boy earnestness, the confused terms and words, had captivated Norah, reading her eyes blind on a hot, rainy afternoon, up in the queer scents and shadows of the attic.

Foxaway ran all through the letters. Evidently the homesick little fellow had adored the farm. The bridge, the pool, the trees he had climbed, the roofs upon which he had torn his small garments, the windmill and the barns, were his paradise. "Gee, if I and you could live there, like we were last Easter, and you could make me pancakes, and we could fire the B. B.!" little Barry had written longingly. "Don't let Uncle sell Foxaway unless he wants to break us kids hearts!"

It had been written more than twenty years ago, but she knew just how the writer had felt. It *was* heartbreaking to have to leave Foxaway, when one once had known it—when one loved it. Into every hour that she spent there, into every scent and sound and sight, there began to be, for Norah, the ache of the passing. She could not hold it; she must presently say good-by to it, and forever.

Even if she didn't marry David right away—but of course she was going to marry David right away—

Even if she didn't marry David right away—even if she didn't marry David—

THE phrase came to her on the last, sweet, lingering day of April, twenty-four hours before the time appointed to tell her people and his people, and the world, that she meant to marry David next month. Norah tried to put it out of her heart.

But there was a spring in it, a lift in it, just the same. It seemed to take a great weight off her heart even to say it. Nobody could force her to marry David, right now. A few months' delay—a year's delay—

She could plead that, considering the strange circumstances of her first marriage, she wanted more time in which to prepare for her second. Or she could just say she didn't want to marry anybody right now.

Norah discovered that she really had been afraid of what David and David's family would think of her affair with Barry. She had spent many hours in worrying, many nights in anxious anticipation as to what they would say. Now, with intense relief, she realized that nobody could blame her for anything at all if she simply and firmly declined to be engaged until all these other matters were settled.

Then what would she do this summer? Well, that didn't matter. She

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was no cripple, and with Keith, Eve and Mother all more or less settled, she felt she could do anything. Why, it would be simpler, it would be great fun, to go home with Pauline, to her inexhaustibly entertaining family, and look about from there for possible fields of work.

The joy of being free for a little while—yes, free even from the niceness and the affection of David! Life had too often forced Norah to please other persons; she had been pleasing Mother and Eve and Keith all her life long.

"It would only mean beginning to try to please David," she thought, "and his mother and father, and having awful dinners with his sister. I won't do it!"

"Won't do what?" Eve asked in her sulky, sweet voice, on a certain wet, stormy afternoon, when the sisters were sharing a sitting-room fire. Norah realized that she had been talking aloud to herself.

"Nothing, really. I suppose," Norah answered honestly, "I was thinking of David."

"I knew you were!" Eve answered quickly. "You're going to tell the Howards tomorrow night, aren't you?"

"Well, soon, I suppose." Norah felt the trap closing about her again.

"But aren't you going down with David tomorrow?" the younger sister pursued relentlessly.

"He said something about it. Tomorrow or next day."

"Then it'll be in the paper," Eve said, in a suffocated voice.

Norah looked up from the cuffs and collar she was basting into a dark blue silk gown.

"Eve—" she said, and stopped.

EVE, manicuring her pretty hands carefully, kept her lashes down. But as Norah said nothing more, but continued to regard her with concern, she suddenly shrugged, laughed and looked up.

"Well, you knew it!" she observed, coldly.

"I suspected it, Thanksgiving night," Norah returned slowly. "But I hadn't thought of it since."

"Don't think of it now!" Eve said flippantly.

"Don't you like Doctor Driscoll?" Norah asked.

"Johnnie Driscoll!" Eve exclaimed, angry tears in her eyes.

"Well, he likes you," Norah observed, rather lamely.

"And David likes you," Eve finished it dryly.

"I've always liked David," the older sister asserted, as if speaking to herself.

"You did!" Eve said bitterly. "You don't now. You were crazy about him, before we came up here! You don't even like him now—not as I do! I'm not ashamed of it—I told him!"

"You did not tell him!"

"I did, a week ago. I cried—we were up by the spring, getting cress, and I hurt my hand on a slippery rock when we climbed up back of the pool, and he kissed me!" Eve stated, childishly triumphant.

"He kissed you as my little sister," Norah said, ashamed for Eve.

"I know he did, he said he did!" Eve conceded fiercely. "I'm not trying to get him away from you—"

"Oh, *please!*" Norah interrupted.

"You *are* going to marry him, aren't you, Norah?" Eve asked, after a long pause, forlorn hope in her voice.

"We're—you know that—we're announcing it right away," Norah reminded her, in a slow, troubled voice. "But what I was thinking," she went on, "was that I'd like not to have it so soon. David doesn't know yet about me and Barry Dunsmuir—his mother and father will make a fuss, the newspapers may get it. I was thinking, today, that I'd like to put it off a little while, announcing it. And if you felt—I mean, since you feel—"

"Now, listen, Norah," Eve said, in a swift, threatening whisper, "you put off your engagement with David on my account, tomorrow, and I'll kill myself! I will, I tell you! You go through with this, and be engaged and be married, and have it over, or I'll get out! It's bad enough for me as it is; I'm *sick* with it—I'm *crazy* with it, but I'll not have you being heroic and sisterly and self-sacrificing—"

"Shut up, Eve!" Norah interrupted sharply. "Don't talk like a fool!"

"I'm not talking like a fool," Eve protested, but in a milder tone. "It's true, and I'll prove it, if you throw David Howard down. In the first place, he can't stand me, and if he was free for twenty years I'd never take him—I have *some* pride! And more than that, you used to be crazy about him, and we all knew it, and if you hadn't been mulled up here in this God-forsaken place, brooding over old letters and all but wearing hoopskirts and ringlets—"

"What!" Norah gasped, too much amazed to retain her anger. Honest surprise was mingled with amusement in her voice when she exclaimed:

"Oh, Eve, I'm not as bad as all that!"

"You *are*," Eve insisted firmly, pleased with the effect she had made. "And part of all this silliness about banjo clocks and tintypes and applewood highboys is because you got a crush on that squinty little *gnome*—" Eve had searched for the last word, and she brought it out with relish. "That squinty little gnome, Barry Dunsmuir!" she finished.

The laughter died out of Norah's face, and she said quickly, her cheeks reddening, "I did not!"

"You did, too!"

"He was different from anyone I ever knew—he was a *man*, anyway," Norah conceded reluctantly, surprised herself to realize that there was something here, as Eve had so crudely indicated, that she had not quite admitted to herself. "But since he's dead, and since we have to leave Foxaway," she added, "it doesn't matter, does it?"

"It matters if it's going to make you treat David badly, think that you can play fast and loose with your whole life's happiness!" Eve answered severely.

"Of course I'm not going to treat David badly—of course I'm not going to ruin my life by any such nonsense as that! After all, I'm twenty-five," Norah said proudly, and for a while neither spoke again. Tomorrow would be May first, Norah reflected, the day when all the changes would begin. It was too late to begin to have misgivings, scruples, now.

THE dawn came with heavenly softness and warmth, after days of rain. Ending the winter's long white truce, and the slow, wet advance of the reluctant spring, this singing morning showed Foxaway at its lovely best. Their forces gathered under cover, leaves and grass and fruit blossoms were suddenly in their fragrant and glorious beginnings.

The plum tree, a great popcorn ball of white, buzzed with bees; up the grassy slope Norah could see the rich blue of the sky with the snowy blossoms bunched against it; her heart ached—ached.

The Dunsmuirs were due at eleven; they came early. Judge Bailey was not yet there. Norah sat with her guests on the grass under the great elm trees that were opening new wet leaves; Keith had moved some shabby chairs out here, and the sun filtered down pleasantly on the ladies' heads through the high branches.

"You've certainly done wonders for the old place!" Hazel Dunsmuir said, with a note of apology in her voice.

"I've not spent much money," Norah answered, with her own friendly smile. "But we've polished up some of the old things, and bought a few at country auctions—and we've had fires out here, and raked things up."

"We intend to move in next month," Hazel said. "Miss Swann is to spend the summer with us."

"We go out toward the end of the week," Norah explained.

"It was a darling thing for him to do—leave me this place," the other girl observed, with a complacent glance about.

"I hope he left you something to run it with!" her mother put in sharply.

"I was wondering if you would ever—rent Foxaway?" Norah asked.

"Rent it?" Mrs. Dunsmuir asked briskly. "Do you know of anyone who could rent it?"

Norah was absently pulling the ears of the Airedale that stood at her knee anxiously watching her.

"No, not now," she answered slowly. Her heart was lead. "I wanted to ask you about Binge," she added, indicating the dog. "I'd be so glad to find him a good home. His owner left him here when he was only a puppy, last year, and I've—we're all fond of him."

"I don't know. I know we all hate dogs," Hazel said.

"Who's the child?" Mrs. Dunsmuir asked, as Binge leaped away in little Barbara's wake.

"I've had her here, boarding. Her mother's working hard and can't have Barbara with her. When we go down to the city I'm going to try to find her some place to stay. We've all grown fond of the little thing."

"Mamma, we ought to have all that stuff torn down, we don't need stables and cow-houses," Hazel, not listening, said suddenly.

"There was one thing more," Norah began, stabbed, as the other girl spoke, by one glance at the lovely old barns and stables. "Pauline. She's been here with me since we came, and she'd be glad to stay, I know. Her people have had sickness—she's helping them. She's a wonderful worker, and nice; she's a great friend of mine."

"We're bringing our own servants," Hazel stated flatly.

"Oh, why does Foxaway have to be so lovely today!" Norah thought, as in the pause they heard the birds and bees again and the bubbling rush of water at the spring pool. Aloud she said nothing.

There was the sound of a motor car down the road; the old judge arrived, late and apologetic.

He drove his car almost up to the group under the elms, and getting out, flushed, hot, troubled, he introduced his companion to the Olivers: Mr. Lippincot. Keith, bringing chairs, joined them on the grass.

Mr. Lippincot was evidently the Dunsmuirs' lawyer. He carried a brief-case with him; he was a handsome, dark-eyed young fellow of perhaps thirty-five, and Norah saw Hazel immediately indicate a seat beside her own, and send him a look of confidence and triumphant expectation. She was puzzled by his answering look, and she saw that Hazel was. His disturbed glance at his young client indicated that something was amiss; he sighed, shook his head, and wiped his forehead with his handkerchief.

"What is it?" Hazel, her expression instantly changing, asked alarmedly.

"Why—but wait," the lawyer answered, with a jerk of his head toward the old judge.

PERSPIRING, breathless, Judge Bailey was fumbling with the clasps of his brief-case. He brought out a mass of papers.

"Mrs. Dunsmuir—Hazel," he began abruptly, "I've been trying to get you by telephone all morning. I wanted to see you before this—this meeting. I've been working all night—fact," he repeated, with a glance about the circle, "I've not had my clothes off all night!"

"But what's *happened?*" Hazel demanded sharply, anxiously. For it was obvious that something had happened.

"Most extraordinary thing I have ever known!" the old judge answered agitatedly. "They sent poor Barry's boxes back from Hobart—started 'em weeks ago. They arrived yesterday."

"Wouldn't those be mine?" Hazel asked quickly.

"Not until the estate is settled," her own lawyer said, in a low, warning tone.

"His books and papers and some clothing?" Norah asked. "He wrote me he had taken too many blankets, and he was storing his extra coat."

"Wrote you!" Hazel exclaimed, with a glance for Norah.

"Wait just a moment—" Tom Lippincot warned her again.

"He had written another will, in Hobart," Judge Bailey said.

Nobody quite grasped this, for a moment of surprise and silence, then the younger lawyer confirmed it, dryly:

"There is a will later than the one we read the other day, Miss Dunsmuir. It was signed on March eighth, in Hobart."

"Well—what of it?" Hazel asked sharply.

(Continued on page 28)

"Write Your Own" Awards

We choose three excellent stories based on the Write Your Own summary published in Collier's for July 2d.

The authors:

$100 **Melcena Burns Denny, 851 Crenshaw Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif.**

$75 **Carol Nealey, 10 Wetmore Street, San Francisco, Calif.**

$50 **Georgia Leffingwell, 308 East 79th Street, New York, N. Y.**

The West prevailed last week. It does so again. This time California tops the list. Four women have written selected stories in the first and second events, and in the second the women sweep the field.

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Power Playwright

Often when practice is finished Coach Howard Jones' players ask for one more play, feeling they haven't had quite enough. They never get the extra play, but that's just the way he wants them to feel—it sharpens their appetite for football

By Grantland Rice

THE football query of the nation used to be, "Who will stop Knute Rockne and Notre Dame?"

With the passing of Rockne this query has been altered. It is now, "Who will stop Howard Jones and Southern California?"

In his twenty years of coaching, dating back to 1908 with only brief intermissions, the old Yale end has covered more coaching territory than any other coach in the game today. He has moved on his way through most of the gridiron sectors—Syracuse, Yale, Ohio State, Iowa, Duke and Southern California. In 182 football battles his teams have won 136 games, lost 37 and tied 9. Of his 84 games at Southern California he has won 74 and lost 10 against the hardest sort of opposition. This season the Jones-U. S. C. combination will be more formidable than ever.

What makes Howard Jones a great coach? In the first place, it is his influence over his men. He doesn't drink and it so happened last fall that of his great Southern California team, which beat Notre Dame, Stanford and Tulane, nine of the eleven starters had never taken a drink or smoked. This is close to a record. Yet Jones is no preacher of morals out of season. In season his men must be ready for a bruising schedule that starts late in September and often moves along to New Year's Day.

The Coach's Ace in the Hole

I asked him recently what he considered the main factors of good coaching.

"They are rather simple," Jones replied. "The first is thorough grounding in all the fundamentals — blocking, tackling, ball-carrying, running, kicking and passing. Ability to carry out the fundamentals of the game is absolutely necessary.

"On attack the two most important matters are variety and deception. You hear a lot about our so-called 'power plays.' It isn't the sheer power that counts, any more than sheer speed will make a pitcher. Power must contain a threat at one point and then strike at another spot. It must be masked.

"I believe that the main duty of a football coach is to make the men like football. If you make football a grind and a drudgery it is no longer any fun, and in addition you will soon have a sour football team. The team must be keen for a game, keen to play, or it will soon crack up. I believe in stopping play before the men are ready to stop. When practice is over they will often ask for one more play, feeling they haven't had quite enough. That is just the way I want them to feel."

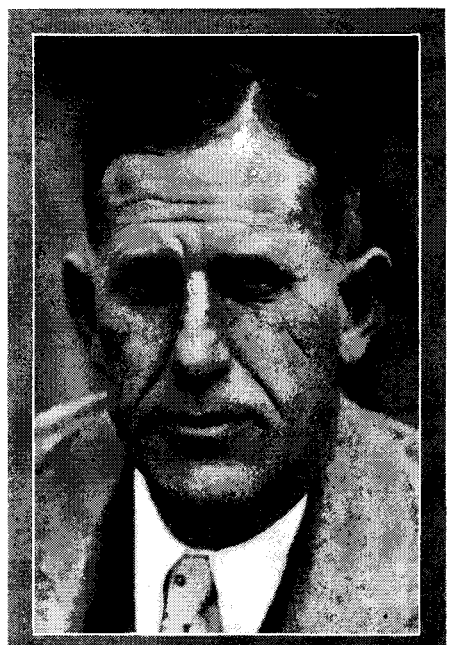
"What is your method," I asked, "of handling men on the field?"

"After all," Jones answered, "football is a sport. I have never believed in driving or abusing any of my players. In fact, I make it a point not to give any of them a call-down either during practice or after a game. You'll find in football that most of the players are too keen, if anything. They don't have to be driven. I'll give you one example: Some time ago we lost a hard game because one of my younger players failed to cover a pass. He had been lured out of position. After the game I saw him in the locker-room. 'You know, Bill,' I said, 'that was your pass.' He broke down and began to cry. He felt far worse about it than I did. It took me some time to cheer him up and let him know it was a normal mistake anyone could make. A player of that type, keen and eager to make good, can be easily broken by hard riding. I believe most of them are giving the best they have to give.

"Another point I always stress," Jones said, "is playing the game under both the spirit and letter of the rules. Good tacklers and good blockers don't have to hold or violate any other part of the code. Rule violations can lose many more games than they will ever win and a team doesn't have to win this way. If there are coaches who are lax in this respect they are simply taking a short-cut to defeat. I am strongly in favor of the new rules, as I believe they will cut down injuries and accidents without slowing down or affecting the game in other respects."

Coach Jones of Southern California is in no easy spot. California is rabid on the subject of football. In this one state Stanford, California, St. Mary's and others all have teams which will be exceptionally strong this fall.

They grow a flock of football players along the Pacific Coast and they seem to grow most of them big and fast. And they are all now shooting at Southern California—and at Howard Jones.



Jones' Greatest Thrill

In the last five years Jones' teams have won forty-five games against five defeats. They have beaten Stanford and California. They have given Notre Dame terrific battles, with one exception, year after year. They have ruled the Coast, where football is the national diet. But the quiet, serious director of the Trojans has kept moving onward and upward, with just enough changes every year to keep his opponents guessing. There is no coach in the game who can throw three men at one spot ahead of the runner with deadlier effect.

No other coach gets a greater thrill out of a football game. But Howard Jones keeps most of this to himself. "I've had my share of thrills," he said, "dating back to the Yale team of 1909 that won ten straight games. But I believe my biggest thrill came last fall against Notre Dame. I knew how the team felt after the beating they had taken the year before. In last year's game I thought we had outplayed Notre Dame the first two periods, but they led us 7 to 0. I still felt that we would win. But when they got another touchdown and we went into the fourth quarter trailing by 14 points it seemed impossible that any team could make up that deficit.

"But I still had faith in my men. And the comeback they staged to get sixteen points in fifteen minutes is something I shall never forget.

"Football is a great game when it is played for the fun, the recreation and the physical development of the student. It is his game. It is not a great game when the players are overworked, driven too hard and subjected to physical and mental staleness. Unless they enjoy playing they won't get very far against teams that do. Football itself is full of vitality and it must be played by those who carry vitality to the field—vitality both mental and physical."

Wide World

Southern California-Notre Dame, 1930: Carideo running back a punt. Above, Coach Howard Jones

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Jeanne suddenly halted. "Oh!—Billy!" she whispered. Sure enough, there was Billy Rives at the end of that line

The Jolt

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Frederick Skerry

THE purse of Fortunatus—with a hole in it. That was Billy Rives. He lost three or four fortunes, any one of which would have kept most men in luxury all their lives, but he no sooner lost one than some old aunt or uncle died conveniently and left him another. You see, Billy was an only child—not only in his immediate family but in the whole tribe of Rives—and the natural heir of several family fortunes.

As if that wasn't luck enough he had to be the man whom Jeanne Dunne preferred above all others—and Jeanne didn't have to marry anybody unless it was a matter of love with her. I know because I tried my chances. The catch in my case was the fact that Jeanne didn't love *me*, and I dropped back into the ranks of also-rans to whom she was glad to play sister. Jeanne had a fine job with a big advertising firm and earned a salary that enabled her to live extremely well and save money besides. When Jeanne and Billy were married I figured that she, being a business woman, would see that the hole in the purse of her husband was properly closed.

To all appearances, and for a couple of years, they were happy together. I must have been blind, or too acquiescent, for a break between two such persons as Jeanne and Billy doesn't happen overnight. At any rate, it shocked me to hear that Jeanne had left him.

Billy told me the news one evening when, after a month's absence from town, I went up to their apartment. He was still stunned and carried signs of having spent the last two weeks in trying to pour out of bottles the answer to his problem. Half maudlin, he told me.

"Well," he concluded cynically, "I lost my money and I lost her. Cause and effect, eh?"

"You're crazy!" I protested. "Jeanne isn't that kind."

"I wonder," he speculated. "I wonder."

And, since I couldn't very well pry into the affair, I could only wonder.

FOR the most part Billy was a companionable chap, but he had at times strange fits of abstraction, mental detachments from time and place. When, with a start, he'd become present again, it would be clear that he hadn't been taking in what had been going on. Perhaps—it was the only thing I could think of—a live and lovely girl like Jeanne had grown tired of being left flat, so to speak; of discovering that she'd been talking to herself. Such mental withdrawals are certainly not compliments to a charming woman.

As I expected, Jeanne gave me her story. She had got her old job back and had taken a small apartment, where I found her on the following evening.

"Billy's lost everything again," she explained when I told her of my amazement. "He's a born sucker for every wildcat scheme. But that's no reason why I should be a sucker too. I don't have to be. If my husband happened on hard luck I'd share, willingly share, his misfortunes. But there's no excuse for Billy. While a woman can earn a good living for herself and be independent she's a fool to give up her own life for one of uncertainty about money when her husband is silly enough to lose money that would keep them both in comfort. So I decided to give Billy a good jolt. No," she added in response to my question, "I don't intend to get a divorce—unless Billy wishes it."

I could see that she had not found it easy to leave Billy.

ALL this happened in the fall of 1928. I was confident of their patching up their differences, but, evidently, neither would make the first move. Too proud, I suppose. We saw nothing, heard nothing of Billy Rives. But it was reported that an aunt of his had died somewhere in New England and left him another fortune. Consequently, when the stock market crashed in '29 we, Jeanne and I, wondered a good deal about him. Not to be caught in that wreck wouldn't be like Billy.

Jeanne, I suspected, thought more about him than she might admit. She had frequent spells of wistfulness; a far-away look in her eyes, as if she were trying to visualize him, the place where he might be, and what he might be doing. But if Billy imagined Jeanne coming back when she heard he had another fortune he was disappointed. If I knew Jeanne at all, he'd have to come to her.

Then—it was on Christmas Eve—we saw Billy. Jeanne and I had dined together, as we often did, at a little Italian place where the wine was good, and were walking uptown on our way to her apartment. The middle of the evening, the crowds on the streets had thinned; most of the belated Christmas shoppers had disappeared, and the theaters had swallowed those who sought entertainment—all but those who waited for second picture shows. Yet the friendly, generous spirit of Christmas was in the air, reflected from people's faces and from bright decorations.

Jeanne suddenly halted. "Oh!" With the low cry she clutched my arm. My eyes took the direction of her intense gaze. The bread line! I'd seen that often, but it was a sad sight tonight. "Billy!" Jeanne whispered, still clutching my arm tightly. And, sure enough, there was Billy Rives standing at the end of that pitiful, slow-moving line of down-and-outers.

"Listen!" said Jeanne excitedly. "Put me in a taxi. Then you bring him up to my place—but don't let him know. Quickly!"

When a taxi had taken her away I went over to the line and grasped Billy's arm. He appeared to start out of one of his dazes. "Oh, hello, Frank!" His eyes shifted, as if avoiding my stare. He didn't look seedy, but almost anybody would appear superior to those neighbors of his. And queer things were happening in these times.

"Come on!" I said, pulling him from the line and hailing the nearest taxi. "I'll explain later."

In the taxi, however, I stalled. To tell the truth, I was terribly embarrassed on Billy's account; my discovering him at such a pass. And he didn't help me a bit. It was a great relief to me when we reached Jeanne's, and I left him at the door of her apartment. Then, my happy Christmas Eve having been completely ruined, I went home.

In the morning Billy called me up. "I want to see you, Frank," he said. "Come as soon as you can."

The address he'd given me proved to be a new apartment building. On my mentioning, somewhat doubtfully, Billy's name, a gold-braided porter showed me into an elevator, and I was whisked up and up to the twenty-eighth floor. There, in the lobby of a penthouse—and what a penthouse!—a Japanese, appearing as if by magic, ushered me into the living-room. Billy Rives, grinning from ear to ear, greeted me.

I looked about, pop-eyed. I might have been in the old apartment where I had spent many a pleasant evening with Jeanne and Billy. "Well," I blurted, "whose dump is this?"

"WHY," Billy chuckled, "it's mine. I own the building. I set up a trust for myself and built it—and nobody can take it away from me. And say, old man, Jeanne and I have fixed everything up. I was wrong about Jeanne—her thinking of money, I mean. What a Christmas! She'll be here presently, and—"

"Wait a minute!" I broke in impatiently. "Last night you were in the bread line!"

He laughed. "Sure I was. I saw Jeanne coming and tagged on the end of the line. But—and get this—don't let Jeanne know. She believes that I took it for a line waiting to get into a picture show. You know, I'm absent-minded at times."

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4 radios began to play

The starter pressed a button . . . *click!* . . . the first radio played. *Click!* . . . and the second took its turn. *Click!* . . . and the third . . . then the fourth. One after another each set took up the same program. Again and again each set performed. And when the audience signaled it was satisfied, the 525 listeners cast their ballots. Then came the most exciting moment of the test. A certified accountant arose to announce the winner.

G-E *wins again!*

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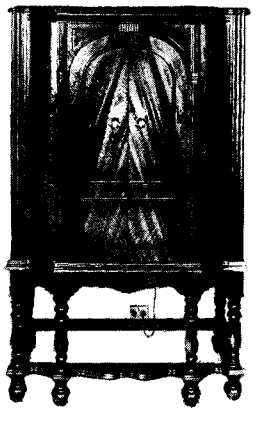

GENERAL ELECTRIC RADIO

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Wife for Sale

Continued from page 24

"It leaves—" Lippincot cleared his throat. "It leaves everything of which he died possessed to his wife," he said.

"To—*what!*" Hazel exclaimed. "He wasn't married! He was engaged to Lucille Swann, everyone knows that!"

"He didn't mention Miss Swann," Judge Bailey said.

"This is the young lady?" Tom Lippincot asked, with a glance at Norah. Norah's amazed and confused look went from one face to the other in turn; she was very white.

There was a stupefied moment of silence; Hazel Dunsmuir and her mother exchanged an outraged glance, and both laughed briefly.

Judge Bailey then said to Norah, "On the twenty-seventh of December, sixteen months ago, you were married to Barry Dunsmuir, my dear, weren't you?"

"Yes, sir," Norah whispered, her face suddenly hot. She heard Mrs. Dunsmuir gasp; she heard Hazel's incredulous sniff.

"He states in his will," the old man went on, glancing at some notes that lay before him, "that because of your affection for this place, he leaves it to you, and with it every other thing of which he dies possessed."

ANOTHER silence; this time electric, sulphurous.

"Barry!" Norah stammered then, dazedly.

"He says to his 'dearly beloved wife,'" the judge said, smiling.

"But—but not *Foxaway!*" she exclaimed.

"This is your own home now, Miss—Mrs. Dunsmuir!" the old man assured her.

"I don't believe one word of it!" Hazel protested boldly. "I never heard of anything so—so silly! How dare this—this girl, who was merely his secretary—and he was engaged to Lucille, she said so!—how dare—"

"Let me talk for you," her own lawyer put in swiftly, touching her arm.

"No, I won't!" Hazel answered, angrily, shaking off his hand. "That will isn't legal. I don't believe for one second it's legal! Who knows whether this story of a marriage is—"

"You may depend on me to protect your interests," Tom Lippincot reminded her, in an aside. "I *beg* you—"

Judge Bailey looked at her over his glasses.

"I have authenticated the marriage," he said mildly. "I have known of it for some time."

"Then I call you nothing but a *cheat*—" Hazel was beginning hotly, when her mother stopped her.

"Sit down," said Mrs. Dunsmuir, coldly, and Hazel subsided into her chair.

Norah in turn was on her feet; shining eyes on the judge, fingers touching her cheek.

"But did you say—did you say that Barry left me Foxaway!"

"He left everything he had to his 'dearly beloved wife,'" Judge Bailey answered, enjoying his right to tell her.

"His dearly beloved wife!" Norah whispered. And, beginning to cry, she dropped down on Keith's knee, and locked her arms about her brother's neck.

"This place—belongs to my sister?" Keith asked, clearing his throat.

"And a good deal more than that," Judge Bailey told him. "Barry had just come into his uncle's money, and old Doctor Dunsmuir was considerably richer than any of us thought. Even Barry probably never knew what he had—perhaps that's why he lumped it as 'everything.' There's this place, with the stock and furniture, and there's a hundred thousand in bonds—perhaps a little more. Then there is a business building in Morristown—"

"Perhaps you will inform me," Mrs. Dunsmuir's voice, cutting icily into the pause, said coldly, "exactly what evidence you have that this extraordinary story is true?"

"We have the evidence of the will, madam. And the record of the marriage."

THIS was the old judge. The lawyer added, "The name is mentioned, Mrs. Dunsmuir." He read it from a card: "Norah Oliver Dunsmuir."

"Oh, Keith," Norah breathed, sitting up, wiping away tears, "it isn't true!"

"It is," he said.

"But I didn't think Barry had any money!"

"His uncle left him a comfortable fortune," Mr. Lippincot said. "More than perhaps he knew, when he went away. The estate was not settled then. Nobody suspected that Doctor Dunsmuir was so well-to-do!"

"Congratulations, Norah!" Keith said, kissing her.

"Upon her husband's death—certainly," Mrs. Dunsmuir added, acidly.

"But, Mamma," Hazel asked, suspiciously, hotly, "what of Lucille? *She* was engaged to Barry—surely she has some rights—surely we all have some rights?"

"You and your mother were mentioned, Miss Dunsmuir," the judge assured her. "A handsome legacy—ten thousand dollars apiece, I believe."

"I call that an insult! And Lucille—my dearest friend, who was going to marry Barry?" Hazel demanded angrily, imperiously.

"There was no reference to her."

"I want to congratulate you upon your secrecy, Miss Oliver," Mrs. Dunsmuir observed, stingingly. "You certainly kept us all in the dark, whatever your motive was."

"I am engaged to be married to another man," Norah said with dignity. "I didn't see any use in telling everyone that I had married Mr. Dunsmuir. Foxaway was all I cared about, and you had that. I didn't know," she added, with candor, "that he was so rich—he had said he wasn't rich."

"The estate was not settled when he went away," Judge Bailey said. "I think it was a surprise to us all that Doctor Dunsmuir had so much. Probably Barry never knew it. He was indifferent to money, poor boy!"

"Not for the money, but for various reasons connected with the family," Mrs. Dunsmuir observed, getting ready to sweep with great hauteur to her car, "it may be necessary to break that will. I don't say it will be; I say it may be. This place, and dear Uncle's things are very dear to me—very dear. If I felt that it was against his wish to have strangers here, I would take every necessary step—"

"I'd like to go up to the hotel with you and discuss this," the lawyer murmured at her side. He was the only one of the trio who turned to say good-by; the Dunsmuirs departed without that formality.

But Judge Bailey lingered for a few minutes, congratulating the confused and ecstatic, laughing and crying Norah, and assuring her of his readiness to help her in any way that he might with her inheritance.

Then he too went away, and the immediate shouts of Norah and Keith brought everyone on the place to the scene instantly.

"It's mine, Mother—Foxaway's mine!" Norah laughed and sobbed, interrupting her wild dance on the grass with Keith. "He left it to me—and money, thousands of dollars! Mother—kiss me, I'm laughing and I don't know why I'm crying! 'To my beloved wife,'—that's the way the will was! Eve, we can live here, we can have an old car—"

"Sit down, dear," Mrs. Oliver said gently. "You're all right, my darling, but you've been doing too much—working too hard."

"Mother, it's true," Keith said, with a shout of laughter. "Barry Dunsmuir left a new will, at Hobart—it's just arrived. He had a lot more money than anyone thought; and it's all for Norah, his 'dearly beloved wife.'"

THE miracle of it was inexhaustible to them all. The farm, swimming in the hot sweetness of a May noon, rang with their voices and their laughter.

Presently David came in on their revels. Norah had been about to start, with her brother and sister, upon a hilarious tour of the place that seemed to her now sparkling with a new beauty and charm, when David's car came up the old road.

They had to tell David, and he was bewildered and amazed as the others had been.

"Now you won't want to get married right away!" he said, drawing her aside, smiling down ruefully upon her excitement and happiness. "I can't live up here; I've got a job. What about that?"

"Couldn't we live up here, David? Now that we have enough money to start a school or do anything we liked?"

"My mother and father would think I was crazy. And besides, you wouldn't like it, up here in this quiet place all the year around."

"Oh, but that's just it. I *would.* And it's *mine.*"

"I know, Norah, but lots of people have these old country places, and they're no good except for a few months in summer. I wanted you to come down this week," David said, very handsome and possessive in his white regalia. "Mother wanted you to stay with her; I've got her note, and she won't understand if you don't come."

Norah looked up at the house.

"I don't think I could leave Foxaway *now*—" she murmured, "and, you see—there'll be a lot to fix—and there's no such hurry as there was. Judge Bailey said there would be papers—arrangements—"

"And my mother'll have to hear of Barry!" David said.

"I suppose so. Will she mind?"

He laughed, shrugged.

"I don't think so! But—you never told me, Norah!" David reproached her. "You never said you had been married."

"How could I? It was only the day he went away, poor fellow."

"But what was the big idea!"

"Oh, he had thought he would be here at Foxaway, writing his book, and he wanted me here, too. And then he got this chance to go with Doctor Sassoon."

BUT she was hardly thinking of what she was saying. There was a light in her eyes, a glow on her face. Her look wandered to the blossoming orchard; turning, she included in a long glance of love and admiration the old high-hipped house with its brick chimneys, its small-paned windows, its weather-seasoned walls.

"David, imagine it, mine! The books and the bookcases, and the wood-pile, and the cows!"

"I know," David said slowly.

Eve and Keith came up to them, and Norah, including them in what she said, and speaking loudly enough for her mother, in her chair on the grass, to hear, exclaimed exultantly:

"Mother, we'll have electric lights put in, and pipes! We'll have the bathroom upstairs in the little hall room! I'll get old-fashioned lamp fixtures—pewter and china. And we'll have the Taft boy look for a nice second-hand car, so we can cruise about everywhere all summer!"

There was an interruption.

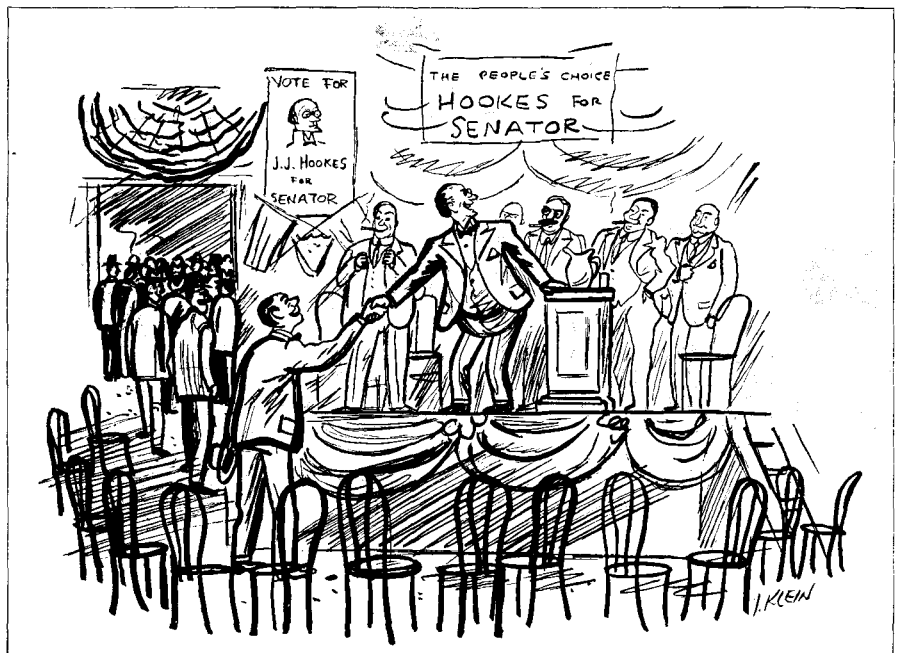
"First, if you please, my thousand guilders!" a high voice near by said, with a laugh through it.

Norah turned, they all turned to face the speaker. They saw a small, shabby, grinning man in somewhat rough clothing standing a dozen feet away. He had come down through the grape arbor perhaps; no one had heard him approach.

"Barry!" Norah said in a whisper, after a stupefied silence. "Barry Dunsmuir!"

"First, if you please," he repeated, in that voice of keen, mischievous relish that she had not heard for sixteen long months, "my thousand guilders!"

(To be continued next week)



"Gee, boys, couldn't we start another meeting somewhere tonight? I'm in a great handshaking mood" *I. Klein*

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might find a cigarette for me, Reverend . . . or is it Doctor?"

"It's the devil," Ames told her quietly. He sent Hsiung for cigarettes before adding, "You're in a mess, you know."

The girl kept her voice controlled as she said, "My father will pay whatever's necessary. Will that do any good?"

"Afraid not. Tchin Kou can't imagine a greater sum than eleven thousand gold. That will buy him anything he wants, but he's got to lie under cover after he gets it, and he doesn't want to . . . well, to be alone."

"Try again," urged Joan. "Any amount."

"That's what this—this missionary—has been waiting to hear," Cameron said sharply. "How many times have you pulled this stunt before, man?"

The sun was burning into Ames' tired eyes; he was beginning to fight to remain alert. "I don't understand," he said. "What d'you mean, Cameron? Be explicit."

"I will," Cameron faced the weary doctor. "Tchin Kou, or whatever his name is, brings captives to this dump. You work an extortion racket, don't you? You would. A renegade, drinking missionary! You've found out how much we're worth—how much Miss Sedgwick's worth—and now you're going to put a tremendous price on her. Then you will go back to your trough again, you swine."

Ames looked at the girl. "D'you believe that?" he asked.

WHILE she was soberly considering the evidence of the man himself, and the mute testimony of the room—smell of alcohol, disorder, broken glass on the matting, Ames, still sitting on his quilts, looked at her steadily. At first he was meeting her eyes; when she turned her head slightly he saw her beauty clearly. But it was the courage of her erect head which interested him most. Frightened, yes. Fearful, of course. Yet not a coward, even knowing what Tchin Kou intended, either as actuality or threat.

The girl said "Yes," and then her lips formed "No."

"Thanks," Ames smiled.

"I believe it," Cameron's sister shrilled. "Just look at him! His eyes. I don't trust him. A bad missionary is worse than an ordinary man who is evil. You know a little Chinese, George! Speak to the bandit yourself. Tell him we'll pay him, and then he needn't take whatever this renegade offers for his part in this silly performance—"

"Try it," Ames agreed wearily. "It won't do any harm anyhow, and perhaps you will be convinced that this is no picnic."

Cameron tried. Only Ames and the Chinese understood Tchin Kou's rasped, rapid reply, "If you wanted this woman, O man with red face, why did you not take her yourself?"

Joan Sedgwick and Cameron said, in the same breath, "What'd he say?"

"It doesn't matter," Ames told them grimly. "What he says, or whether you believe me. There's only one more thing to try." He shifted to swift Cantonese: "You are a reasonable man, Tchin Kou. As you say, the white man has no right to the woman. But what about me?"

Tchin Kou, startled, said, "You want her?"

"As you see," Ames said, "I have food and tobacco and even wine of a sort, but I have no wife—"

"You," said Tchin Kou, "are the man who heals the sick. You are a priest, a man from heaven. You have nothing to do with women. The fact is well known. And I have wasted too much time here talking! Arrange for the blood money for the two, so I can take the yellow-hair to the hills."

Ames' temper snapped at last. How much of his anger came from Tchin Kou's words, how much from his tired head; how much was cold and calculated, being the only thing left to him, even he did not know.

"No money at all will be paid," the white man said. "I, too, am sick to death of all this talk. The man and the women remain here, Tchin Kou, in this room, and you can go back to your kennel." Ames' finger shot out. "Or must I drive you away like the mangy dog you are?"

THE priests caught breath. The oldest one mouthed a prayer. Tchin Kou's hand went to his sleeve as he snarled a word of command.

Ames was leaping forward as the bandit's knife flashed up; his long-range blow took Tchin Kou squarely under the stabbing arm, and the Chinese squealed. As the rabble advanced, Ames struck out once, twice; he shouted to Cameron, and then went down under the press of bodies.

Arms pinned, the stench of unwashed bodies in his nostrils, he waited for the hot sharpness of a knife to sting him; then he felt thongs binding ankles and wrists securely.

Tchin Kou himself finally jerked Ames to a sitting position. "Now, O fool of a priest," he shouted, striking him across the face, "do you still think I am a dog?"

Ames heard Joan Sedgwick's gasp. He said to her, "As a fight, that was a rotten exhibit. The fat's in the fire now. I'm sorry. Thought I might have bluffed him."

"What'll he do to you?" the girl demanded.

This time her eyes did not drop when Ames stared. He said quietly, "Thanks, Miss Sedgwick. That's not important. He thinks I'm a priest. He won't do much. I'm only worried about . . . you."

"We . . . we've got to do something," Cameron whimpered. "I may've been wrong about the missionary. What shall we do, Joan?"

Tchin Kou growled, "If that one speaks again, one of my brave followers must silence him. What talking is done, I will now do myself." He took his knife, and delicately made a thin line on Ames' chest. Blood followed the edge of the keen blade. The priests began to pray anew. "I have always wanted to see this power of heaven," Tchin Kou said. "I am going to torture you, and see what comes of it."

Ames said quietly, "Miss Sedgwick, you'd better turn the other way. Tchin Kou has a strange sense of humor and, unfortunately, a large bump of curiosity." In Chinese: "Why not try it, Tchin Kou? You will then see what happens."

One of the bandits whispered, echoing Tchin Kou's own surprise at the white man's suggestion, "He is unafraid. Perhaps his gods are more powerful than Tchin Kou's own demons—"

"I have killed priests and robbed temples, and nothing ever came of it," said the bandit. "I did not come here, white priest, because I feared you or your gods. The Old One's talk in the temple was child's talk. I have heard gongs beaten and seen incense burned, but I have never seen a god or a devil that was not made of wood or porcelain, and I never will. I came here because I *thought you would be reasonable* and arrange ransom. Now"—to the oldest priest—"you will send a writing to the coast, saying that eleven thousand dollars, gold, are to be sent you. After I get them, I will turn loose the man and woman . . . somewhere. And . . . I have never tortured a white man of heaven."

HE EXAMINED the room, his eyes passing in turn the terrified older woman, the defiant, fearful younger one (*and lingered in passing*) and Cameron, all ranged about the wall, with bandits between. Lastly he saw Hsiung, cringed down on the matting. To him he shouted, "Unspeakable filth, go into your kitchen and blow up coals. If they are not red when you bring them, I will drop one on your own chest, to burn its way into your heart also."

Ames, now knowing what Tchin Kou intended, turned cold as ice, although his face remained expressionless, blank. All alertness had left him; he felt numb, as if from actual cold. The physical action seemed to have sapped the last fragment of strength. He was not sleepy; rather he was wakeful and exhausted. To his dulling senses the whole was becoming a shadow show.

Hsiung was whimpering; when some bandit struck him to hasten his obedience, Ames said wearily, "Do as he commands, boy," and then went on in pidgin English: "Sendee one-time big blox allo samee some mission heaven house. Can do, Hsiung?" He hoped, dismally, that the boy would understand, and send the steel container to any missionary anywhere, provided Tchin Kou did not break open the box searching for loot. Three years' work to be plucked apart and destroyed by thieving bandits! About as bad as death, as torture.

Hsiung wailed, "*Ae-ee!* Can do."

The boy was able to say nothing more. He was hustled into the kitchen, and Ames could hear him blowing frantically at the brazier.

Ellen Cameron moaned, "They're going to kill us all. You shouldn't have let us come, George."

"If that missionary had acted in a conciliatory manner, instead of antagonizing the Chinese—"

"If," Joan broke into Cameron's complaint, "we hadn't come to this village, the doctor wouldn't . . . wouldn't . . ."

"Forget it," said Ames. "And, when these devils start their monkey business, for heaven's sake don't look. And don't yell. It'd only please them."

"I . . . I'll go . . . with them . . . if they won't . . . do whatever they're going to do—"

AMES tried desperately to grin: "Thanks," he said. "Wouldn't do any good." He didn't add why: that Tchin Kou would take her into the hills notwithstanding. For a fleeting instant of time he tried once more to think ahead, to plan, but his spinning head refused him utterly. Seventy-two sleepless hours, followed by a sip of sleep only, and then all this, had drained Ames of thought. He knew that he was near death, but hardly cared. Only the presence of the girl, and the knowledge of what she faced, kept him struggling mentally.

He was too expertly bound to do anything else.

Hsiung's constant whimpering changed to a cry of pain; in a moment Ames saw why. As a refined little touch, the bandit was forcing the boy to carry the brass brazier, filled with glowing coals, in his bare hands.

"O master," screamed Hsiung, "now is the time! Call on your devils, O man from heaven! Bring them from their pieces of glass! Make them become large, so they can devour these fiends! I burn, master! Help me!"

Through all of Hsiung's agonized cries, Ames lay perfectly still. At first his head merely buzzed, and then he found that it was clear as it had ever been.

His voice changed timbre subtly. Tchin Kou recognized the forcefulness of it. Joan Sedgwick's eyes widened with sudden hope.

"Tchin Kou," Bob Ames said softly, "I give you one choice—"

"You give *me* a choice?" the bandit scoffed curiously.

"One choice. One only. Will you have me summon my demons now, or do you wish to see them first?"

(Continued on page 32)

Man from Heaven

Continued from page 15

"What are you doing with the seeds, Joe?" *Chon Day*

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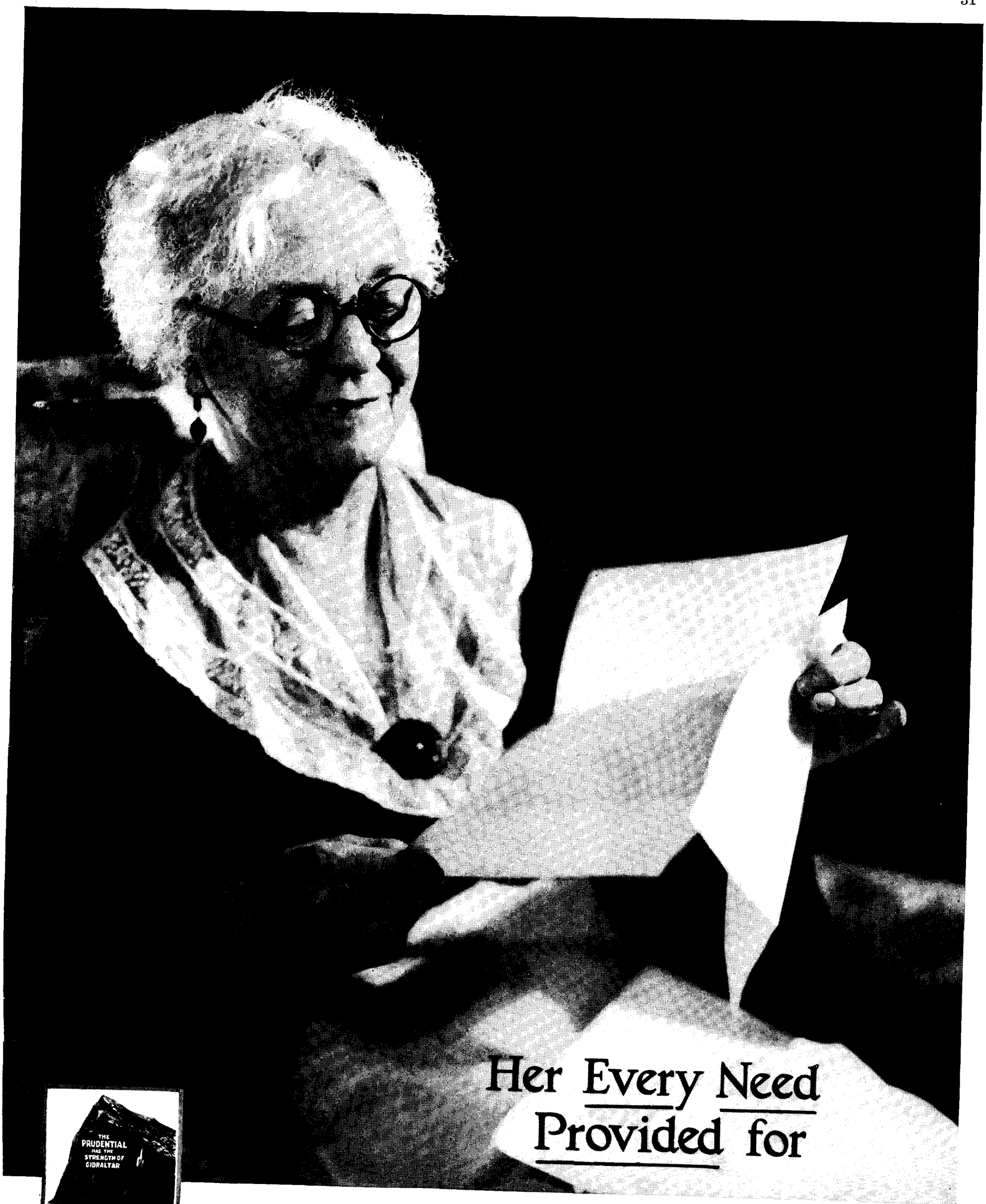

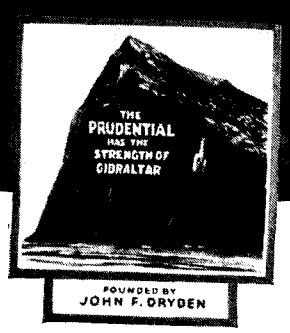

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Man from Heaven

Continued from page 30

The ancient priest had stopped praying at last.

"*Hi-ya!*" he said excitedly, "I warned you of this, Tchin Kou! The white man will show you devils from the lowest hell!"

Tchin Kou was undecided. Then he laughed. "Am I to be frightened with fool's tales, even if a white ape tells them? Show me these demons!"

Ames said shortly, "As you will. *Hsiung, put down the coals. So. Now,* go to the bag in the corner. Good. Open it. Bring it here. D'you see the yellow tube? Take it out—"

"These are not the devils, O master!"

"Take out the tube . . . good boy. Unscrew the top. Squeeze out some of the contents on your hands. Rub it. Feel better, boy?"

Tchin Kou grunted, "Where are the devils?"

"You will see more of them than you want," Ames assured him quietly. "Demons are not summoned without the proper ceremony, Tchin Kou."

Relief was spreading over Hsiung's face as his pain lessened.

"Now, boy," Ames went on, "open the steel box." When that was done, "Open the smaller box, with the red letters on the top. Thrust your finger into any of the tubes filled with liquid. Put your finger on one of the little thin glass pieces you see there. Fine, Hsiung! Now, do you see a bottle filled with something very red? Thrust your finger—another finger—into it, and let a drop fall to the glass you hold in your other hand. I will increase your tobacco for that, Hsiung; it is well done.

"Bring it to me." Ames took the slide in one of his bound hands, and continued his directions, "Beside the big box is my glass-to-see" (the microscope) "and you must take off the cover, and bring it here also. One thing more, Hsiung. On the table is a big glass, filled with . . . water. Bring it also."

THE boy carried the microscope gingerly in his burned hands, and set it beside Ames; turning toward the table, he pleaded, "The great colorless porcelain is broken through your evil servant's carelessness. Shall I get more water?"

"Go to the big bottle I use; fill something with some of the contents."

When a bowl of grain alcohol was at his side, next to the microscope, Ames said:

"Before I begin my incantations to the gods and devils of the northern heaven, Tchin Kou, have me furnished with one cigarette—"

Interested, although entirely doubtful, and believing that the white man was postponing the coming torture as long as possible, Tchin Kou nodded magnanimously. When Hsiung brought cigarette and match, Ames had both placed beside him also. "It would be unseemly to be smoking in the presence of gods," he announced.

Tchin Kou immediately lighted a cigarette.

The white girl could no longer remain silent.

"What are you going to do?" she insisted. "What *can* you do?"

"I'm going to try and raise the devil," grinned Dr. Robert Ames.

With that he started to chant. The old priest, who had taught him the words, kept him company:

"Khi' tchi ying ying
Tou tchi ho'ng ho'ng
Tcho tchi tong tong
Si' l'u ping ping—"

And some of the bandits shivered, hearing the song of the dwellers in the homes of the dead. . . .

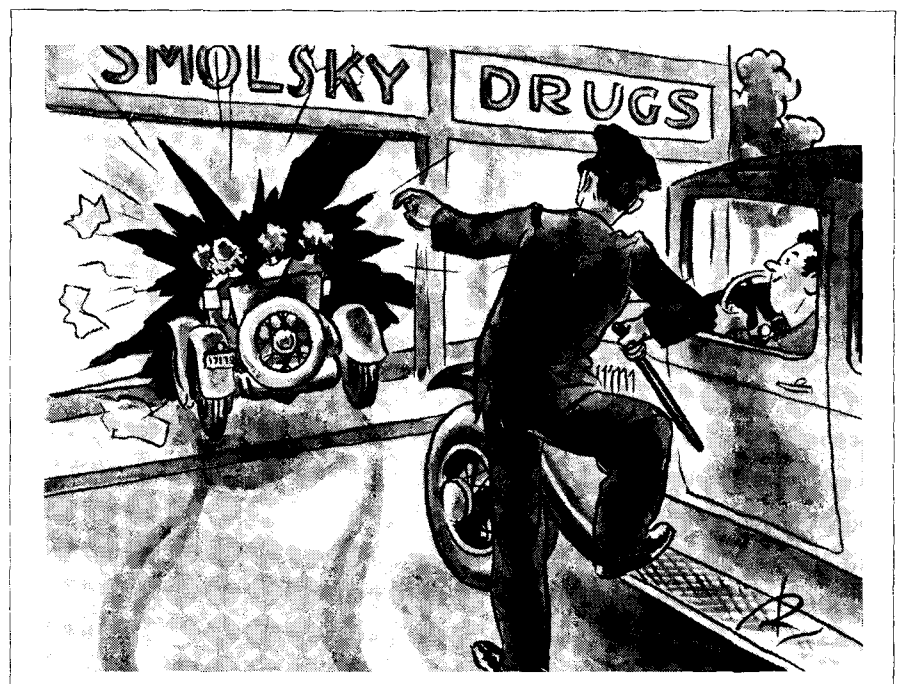
Bending sidewise, Ames inserted the slide with its smear of fever-X culture. He had Hsiung push the microscope closer, and then, with the pigskin thongs cutting into wrists, Ames swiftly, expertly, adjusted the screw.

FOR a moment fear swept through him; suppose Tchin Kou's vision was poor? If the bandit's eyes were astigmatic, nearsighted, he would see nothing save a pinkish color. . . .

The wriggling bacilli swarmed in the culture, headless, horribly horned, veritable creatures of another world. Ames fiddled once more with the screw, bringing the things into sharper sight, and then came from his elbow. His wrists seemed as if circulation had stopped; his fingers were numb.

"O forces of heaven and hell," Ames cried, "show yourselves to this Tchin Kou, who is a man without belief—"

"I see nothing," snickered the bandit. "I have never seen a devil, even if I have heard much talk of them—"



"Follow that car!" *Ralph Lane*

"Come and see them now," invited Ames. "They are waiting for you, Tchin Kou. If you do not hurry, they will be at your throat."

The bandit laughed and, the cigarette hanging from his mouth, shuffled to the strange apparatus. He bent down, careful to keep his knife in hand.

"I see a picture of devils," announced Tchin Kou. "The terrible ones with no heads nor eyes nor mouths, but with horns . . .

"They move!" he screamed suddenly. "They move! They are alive!"

Ames, the instant Tchin Kou's head jerked erect, quietly struck the match and held it above the surface of the bowl of alcohol.

"Water, burn," he cried.

Blue flame curled from the surface of the alcohol.

Tchin Kou was rooted to the floor, in the near presence of something he did not understand, and which therefore was terrible, but the other bandits all turned and fled at the selfsame moment.

Ames wasted no time: "Grow, O devils," he shouted contentedly, "here is Tchin Kou, who does not fear you! Show him how you torture unbelievers—"

"I go, I go," Tchin Kou squealed, having seen enough. The bandit with the painted cheek ran as if all of the furies of the seven underworlds were after him.

"And a very good thing for you," Bob Ames yelled after him in English. "If you'd needed more convincin', I was goin' to let you have the bowl of alcohol in the face, and served you right for keepin' me awake. . . .

"Well, that's that."

George Cameron said, "They're gone!"

"Gone," Ames grinned, feeling rather good, "but hardly forgotten. . . . Hsiung, cut these thongs . . . your hands feel number-one allo light, boy?"

Hsiung breathed, "We live, O master."

"If you steal more cigarettes, I will cut out your heart," Dr. Ames told him. "Now, food must be prepared for the honorable visitors. Tea, Hsiung, and food-from-tin."

"I—I wouldn't mind a drink," Cameron pleaded. "I'm badly shot, Doctor."

"You'll struggle along without one—"

Cameron's courage had risen a good many points.

"You're suggesting temperance for me, are you?"

"Blah," said Dr. Robert Ames inelegantly.

"We're not unappreciative," Cameron said contritely. "If I spoke Chinese more fluently, I could have handled the matter . . . what did you say, Joan?"

The girl was looking at him, almost as if she saw him for the first time.

"She said," Ames announced, "one word, Mr. Cameron. A variety of sausage. Now, I'm a corked man, even if I haven't had a drink for three years, which will be remedied in a week or so, and if you will make this house yours, I'll finish my sleep and then start you on your way to the coast. You can go all the way with me, or not. *Maskee.* Which means I have no desires in the matter."

THE haze of sleepiness was over him again. This time he knew that nothing could possibly keep him awake another second, until—

"Haven't you?" Joan asked.

Bob Ames said, "Certainly not."

The oldest priest, bowing, said, "Again, O man from heaven, you have saved life. I will pray for you this day."

It was a time for honesty. The girl said directly, flushing: "I'm sorry. I forgot you were a missionary . . . a minister. . . ."

"Don't try your wiles on me, young woman," Bob Ames said severely. "It wouldn't be wise. I haven't seen a white girl for three years."

"I only meant . . . you see . . . you've done so much . . ."

She was confused. Ames thought her lovelier than before; he said lightly: "In cases where a man saves a woman's life, it seems to me that the girl usually does something about it—"

"You don't want to be kissed," Joan told him. "You're laughing at me . . . and yet if I could do something . . ."

"You can," Ames said. "Be where I can see you when I wake up. I haven't slept for three nights." He didn't say why. "A fellow gets lonely, you know. I thought you were a nightm— . . . a dream, at first. You try livin' in a foreign country, all alone, for years, and see if you don't want your own kind about you again." Once more he essayed a grin, and then shoved his long legs luxuriously down into the quilts. "'Night, all," he said. "Sorry . . . be such . . . rotten host. . . ."

Ellen Cameron said: "I never heard of anything like this in all my life—"

"Strange chap," agreed her brother. "*Ah . . . food! You'd better eat, Joan;* your strength, you know—"

Joan Sedgwick smoothed the edge of the quilts, and sat cross-legged on a corner of the makeshift bed.

"You've got to eat, darling," Cameron begged. "You've been through so much. . . ."

AMES was breathing slowly, already in that delicious stratum between sleep and consciousness; Cameron and his sister sat on the teakwood stools Hsiung brought for them. The girl watched Ames' brown face, and then said, in a whisper, "You're sweet . . . missionary."

"Doctor," said Dr. Robert Ames clearly. "Doctor." Once again he tried to grin, but sleep took him utterly, leaving his lips turned upward, not sardonically, but happily.

Twice Cameron called, but Joan did not seem to hear. She was thinking back along the route she had come. The start for Ethel Weatherby's hospital. That, in itself, brought her up short. What had Ethel said about the scientist somewhere on the plain; the doctor who was searching for the cause of some horrible disease? Was this the man? And he wasn't a missionary; twice he'd said, grinning, "Doctor!" Of course! She let go of the thought. Next, the desertion by the coolies, the appearance of *Tchin Kou, the arrival at F'eng Shi,* the happenings in this room which had appeared to have been the scene of a debauch. . . .

Gradually, inexorably, she remembered what the sleeping man had said about reward. It had been trite for him to suggest it. He hadn't meant it; he'd been laughing at her, because she'd mistaken him for a missionary. . . . Or did he mean it?

She began to wonder. Just as she had retraced the past, so did she now attempt to forecast the future. Her thoughts were chaotic, but not to be mistaken, since she tried to be honest. Suddenly, swiftly, she bent and kissed the smiling sleeper. She must have seen visions, for she whispered, "You'll have plenty of others to know about."

It was not until then that she realized Bob Ames' hand, in sleep possibly, had come from under the quilts and was tight about her own, as if he feared she would be gone when he awoke.

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He's going to be a doctor

Father Thought of This—Years Ago

YEARS ago, Dr. H. T. McClain of Knoxville, Tennessee, watched his son, Tom, playing with the neighbors' children.

The Doctor remembered his own childhood. Remembered the sacrifices his parents had made to send him through school. Remembered, too, that after he had secured his education, his getting started had been made difficult by years of financial handicaps.

"There are very, very few rich doctors", says Dr. McClain. "I realized that my practice would never make me tremendously wealthy.

"But I wanted to do everything within my power to make it possible for my boy to get started without the handicap of worry, worry for himself or his father.

"I chose the Investors Syndicate method of saving because it had that advantage, to me, of *compelling* thrift.

"Like most humans, I needed somebody to make me take my medicine.

"The Investors Syndicate representative who helped me select my thrift plan was most helpful. He kept me from biting off more than I could chew.

"Tom will enter the University of Tennessee a year from this month. When he graduates from medical college, he will have a fund large enough to take care of himself for at least three years, even if he doesn't get a single patient; of course, I am happy that he has chosen to follow his dad's profession."

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Jim, the Salesman

Continued from page 9

managed successfully a double job: sales-manager for a nationally known gypsum company, and Chairman of the Rockland County Democratic Committee.

His business prospered. His politics prospered. Farley had always believed that Republican Rockland County could be turned Democratic. He proved it. He nominated himself to the State Assembly during the billowy days of Harding-Coolidge prosperity—and won. Tammany Murphy down in New York and other party leaders through the state began to take serious notice, for these big-town bosses, despite their pose of inscrutable power, knew that leadership in rural parts was harder to acquire than in crowded cities.

They had more reason to notice Jim Farley when a state crisis arose for their party and its particular champion—Alfred E. Smith. Farley had demonstrated to both Murphy and Smith a superior knowledge of party strength and weakness in the state they were supposed to know intimately. Smith, defeated for governor in the Republican landslide of 1920, found two years later that William Randolph Hearst was once more striving for political office. Murphy seemed acquiescent.

In a train ride to Syracuse for the state convention, Farley sat closeted with Smith. He named names—of district leaders who would stand by Smith for whatever he wanted, of those who wouldn't and of those who could be persuaded. His information was complete because Farley *knew* his men, not merely knew about them.

Pioneering Against Volsteadism

Smith won out in that convention, to become governor for the second time and to face a minor crisis that held his future in balance. This was the first real legislative show-down on prohibition since its enactment. An overlooked item in recent political history, the Mullan-Gage state enforcement law in New York brought about the pioneer rebellion against Volsteadism that made Smith the national figure he wanted to be. This Mullan-Gage law, resented in New York City, was the will of upstate. It was tyranny triumphant. It empowered almost anybody to seize almost anybody else suspected of selling or conveying liquor.

With a wet governor returned to office, repeal of the law was proposed in the legislature. Lines were tightly drawn. Governor Smith wanted the law repealed, for that led the way to prohibition as a national issue with Smith as its national opponent. Both Democrats and Republicans of the big cities were for repeal. Both Democrats and Republicans from the rural sections knew that a vote for repeal was equivalent to resignation from office.

Jim Farley, representing a country district, knew this better than anybody else. When the roll call came, the repealer passed by one vote. Jim Farley shouted that vote at the top of his total-abstinence lungs.

It was well known in his district and county that Farley never took a drink. His only weakness was and remains chewing gum. But his personal dryness was no shield from the vengeance of the drys. They defeated him for reëlection.

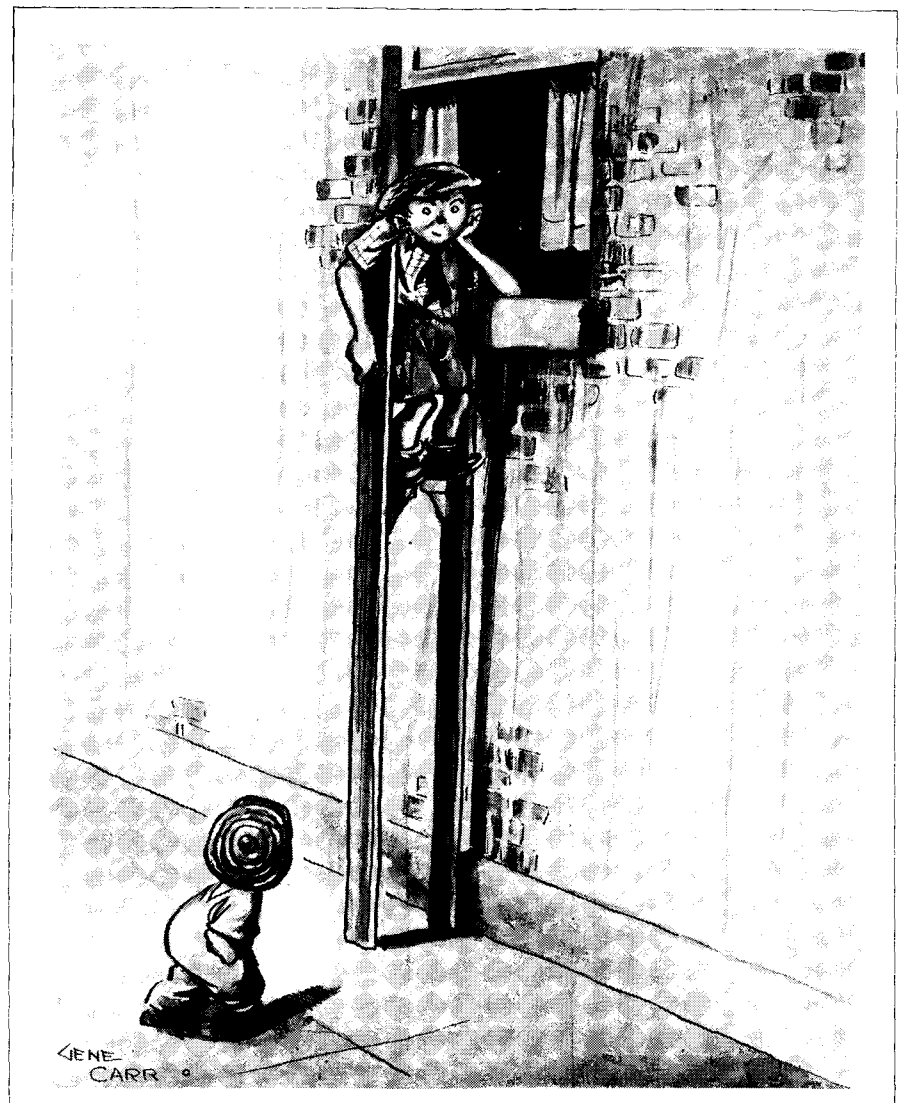
Many in Rockland County and elsewhere predicted then that Farley was through. But there was one observer of his progress from a point across the Hudson River who held a different opinion. He was Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Al Smith, too, liked the buoyant energy with which Farley, whose vote had made Smith the logical anti-prohibition governor, went about rebuilding his county organization just as if he had never reached the assembly or been booted out of it. To show his appreciation, Al made Farley a warden of the Port of New York.

Smith apparently liked his conscientiousness. When a deputy-commissionership of public works (in charge of canals) became vacant, he offered the post to Farley. But Farley, who had found out his limitations as a port warden, anticipated them as a canal supervisor. He declined. To the practical Al Smith the picture of a Tammany man declining anything was a novelty. He remembered Farley, and Farley underlined that remembrance by his arduous labor as a floor-worker for Smith during the hara-kiri Democratic National Convention in 1924, until a vacancy occurred in the State Athletic Commission, which controls boxing and wrestling. The job paid no salary. Farley knew that.

Philadelphia Gets the Big Fight

Before Farley joined the commission it had gone on record, perhaps not without some consideration for Harlem's teeming black voters, to the effect that the then champion, Jack Dempsey, would not be permitted to defend his title in New York unless it was against his original New York challenger—the colored Harry Wills. Tex Rickard, who held Dempsey's contract to fight, wanted the contest in New York City—for obvious reasons of the gate. Rickard had



"... restin' my eye! You're listenin' for some dirt!" *Gene Carr*

when McAdoo and Smith locked grins to no good effect whatever.

After that debacle of Democracy, Farley, still a minor state figure, took some time from the pleasure that politics gave him to attend to business, helping to organize a builders' supply company of which he subsequently became and remains president. But politics is a habit-forming drudgery. Touring his home state and neighboring New England on business month by month, he never failed to indulge his pleasure month by month. He was personally discovering that Democratic leaders in every district were solid, almost fanatic, for Smith to try again in 1928 for the Presidential nomination. Of course, he reported his discoveries to Smith.

Al, intrenched as governor, wanted to reward this industrious disciple; but there wasn't much to reward him with selected Tunney as Dempsey's opponent because he was unwilling to risk a mixed bout for the world's championship and Tunney was the outstanding white challenger.

Farley simply stated that the commission would sanction no other bout in New York than one between Wills and Dempsey.

There was uproar. Everybody abused Farley. There was even a scene in a restaurant where Farley was dining. A powerful and aggressive newspaper executive said, to climax an argument:

"We'll start a drive against you, Farley."

"I don't care what you do," said Farley, "so long as you spell the name right."

The fight went to Philadelphia.

By the time Houston came around, with its first-ballot nomination for Smith, Farley was known nationally. Glance back to press reports of that love-feast and you'll find frequent references to the ubiquitousness of "the big fellow" from New York.

Franklin D. Roosevelt was the voice of New York on that occasion, when he gave Smith the accolade of "The Happy Warrior" in a speech that silenced the murmured protests of rebellious drys.

Farley reminded the steerers of the State Committee of this fact at one of those semi-secret meetings before a state convention when the gubernatorial candidate was being discussed.

Smith wanted Herbert Lehman, well-known banker and contributor of a cool half-million dollars to Smith's campaign fund.

But Roosevelt got the nomination—and the election.

Farley continued his business of selling building materials, his pleasure of playing politics. When Roosevelt came up for his second term Big Jim worked like a demon for his reëlection. Upstate counties, normally Republican, gave Roosevelt an enormous Democratic vote.

Whatever other factors contributed to this striking victory, which made the Tammany Tiger more modest than usual in its self-estimated importance to a Democratic candidate for governor, Roosevelt plainly showed his appreciation of Farley by promptly making him Chairman of the State Committee.

Promoting the Roosevelt Boom

A year ago last summer Farley and Franklin Roosevelt sat at dinner in the New York governor's town house. That night Jim Farley started the campaign that was to make Roosevelt the Democratic nominee.

He took a train to Chicago, bound for the coast. Within nineteen days he had visited twenty states and was the principal speaker—and listener—at a series of breakfasts, luncheons and dinners that resolved a hunch into a conviction. He returned to State Democratic headquarters in New York sure that Roosevelt could get the nomination—because the men and women he had seen wanted to give it to him.

Others were speculating. Farley knew. He had played the game fairly, carefully. Everywhere he went the burden of his song had been that New York State offered three candidates to the Democracy: Smith, Roosevelt and Owen D. Young.

He learned enough in that trip to make the burden of his labor Roosevelt.

The fun began—and you'll never get Farley to admit that his job of promoting the Roosevelt candidacy was anything but fun. He wrote a hundred letters a day to men and women whose names he had noted during his twenty-state trip. These names he had dictated each night to hotel stenographers who must have been puzzled at the strange conduct of a big boy from out of town dictating to them what appeared to be excerpts from the local telephone directory. He wrote almost daily letters to all other State Democratic chairmen and district leaders. The letters were all signed in green ink because he favors that color. The letters all contained sales arguments, because he favored that kind of campaign.

Farley told of Roosevelt's physical improvement, of his handling of controversial questions like the New York State reforestation plan—the latter perhaps so much Greek outside the state, but concretely expressed in the fact that Smith opposed a state amendment on the issue while Roosevelt favored it, and the amendment carried. He bulletined them with press quotations of Roosevelt's attitude on prohibition, on national banking, on international

(Continued on page 36)

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NEWS THAT WILL RUN ROUND THE WORLD

a Genuine STETSON HAT

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Why don't you write?

Jim, the Salesman

Continued from page 34

debts. He continued a barrage of information regarding Roosevelt to all delegates selected to state conventions.

He spent more time at a long-distance telephone than any one man in the country at that time. Politicians at all points of the compass were summoned to calls from New York, which flattered them and at the same time informed them and also enlisted their interest, and later their support.

In the so-called primaries, which mean little for Presidential candidates, came a test of what Tammany strategists called an amateur's handling of a Presidential campaign. But the amateur did the obvious: he had set out to sell a man by the obvious means of mail and telephone and general personal contact.

Hear him tell it, or some of it:

The Fight on the Two-thirds Rule

"This Roosevelt campaign was a march—from start to finish. They called the Massachusetts primaries reversal a chock under the bandwagon. It wasn't. Merely a bump.

"There was only one hour when I had any doubts as to the issue, and that wasn't regarding Roosevelt but regarding myself.

"When the 'Stop Roosevelt!' cry was at its loudest, we had a caucus of Roosevelt managers. Several senators were present and they proposed something that had been at the back of my mind—abolition of the two-thirds rule for nominating, since Roosevelt had a clear majority. I was surprised at the unanimous verdict to abolish the rule.

"And I was just as much surprised by the opposition it developed."

In those steaming hours in Chicago's heat he confessed to disquieting thoughts when report after report came to him that Roosevelt delegations would bolt on the two-thirds rule fight.

"I couldn't help visioning my own plight in the event of defeat for our candidate," he says. "There was I, a Tammany man, opposing Tammany. John Curry had made some complaint that it was tough to have a member of Tammany leading the fight against Tammany's candidate. Jimmie Walker replied to that that Farley was fighting for his man, not against Tammany's. But if the fight was lost I was out on a limb."

The big figure of Farley moved in and out of state delegations' and candidates' headquarters with amazing energy during those feverish days of organized pandemonium. Observers saw him here there and everywhere, chewing gum. calling first names, shaking hands clapping backs, talking into ears and having his own relentlessly bombarded.

Smart Strategy and Luck

Governors ran errands for him, senators asked him for orders. Twenty hours out of twenty-four he worked amid streams of clamorous humanity.

And nobody guessed he was worried. His statements to the press were confident to the point of bragging.

"If you lose by any chance, Jim—" Jimmie Walker warned him, and finished the sentence by slicing his finger across his throat.

A fight on the two-thirds rule, Farley admits, would have been critical.

"But that rash move," he says, "turned out to be smart, if lucky, strategy. The tenseness over the prospect of the fight tried our delegates. It showed us where we were strong and where we were weak. When we quit the fight, the resultant gratitude of those who didn't like to go through with it bound them closer to us."

Farley has been credited with all kinds of astute deals during that convention.

"Bunk," he says. "I had no authority to make deals."

One was attempted, which he doesn't deny. Governor Ritchie of Maryland was offered second place on the ticket for his support in the convention. Ritchie declined.

"When McAdoo threw the Garner delegates to Roosevelt to break a deadlock, what was more logical than to give Garner second place?" asks Farley. Anybody who pretends to more logic can answer that one.

When the fight was finished, Farley wasted no time. Tammany friends, including Jimmie Walker, had warned him that Roosevelt might forget to reward him when the nomination was in. Farley knew Roosevelt better than they. He knew Roosevelt had seen a salesmachine built and would not junk it. He was right.

He left Chicago with the same salesplan in mind: to sell a nominee as he had sold an aspirant.

"We'll do it by districts," is his prescription.

The test of a national chairman seems to be met by this "amateur." It calls for diplomacy quite as much as determination. Frank Hague of New Jersey, who managed Smith's convention campaign, left Chicago sore after heated blasts against Roosevelt. Governor Ely of Massachusetts, who nominated Smith, left Chicago silent.

Yes, We're All Democrats

Farley went to Jersey, saw Hague; Hague lined up. Farley went to Massachusetts, saw Ely. Ely lined up.

But more typical of Farley was what happened when he stepped from a train on July the Fourth, after the Battle of Chicago. He took a cab for Tammany Hall, where annual patriotic pyrotechnics were under way.

"Don't show yourself in there just now," a prominent Tiger warned Farley, as the place rocked with cheers at Al Smith's appearance. "You'll get a terrible razzing, Jim."

Jim smiled and walked in. Straight to the rostrum he went. There, amid stony silence, he shook hands with Al Smith. Smith spoke and the crowd thundered. A voice called for Farley. There were boos. Farley stood, a smiling tower of a man. There were cheers.

"You had your nerve coming here, Jim," a leader whispered.

"What do you mean—nerve?" laughed Farley. "Aren't we all Democrats?"

He's a salesman.

"Then add your butter sauce and let it broil till it's brown"

Lawrence La Riar

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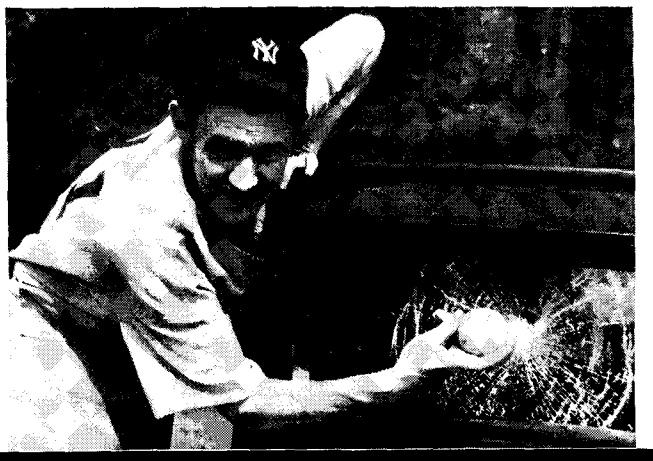
WE INVITED *Lefty Gomez* TO PROVE



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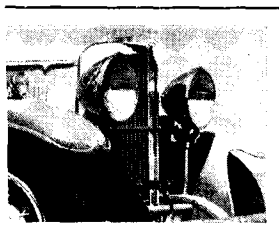

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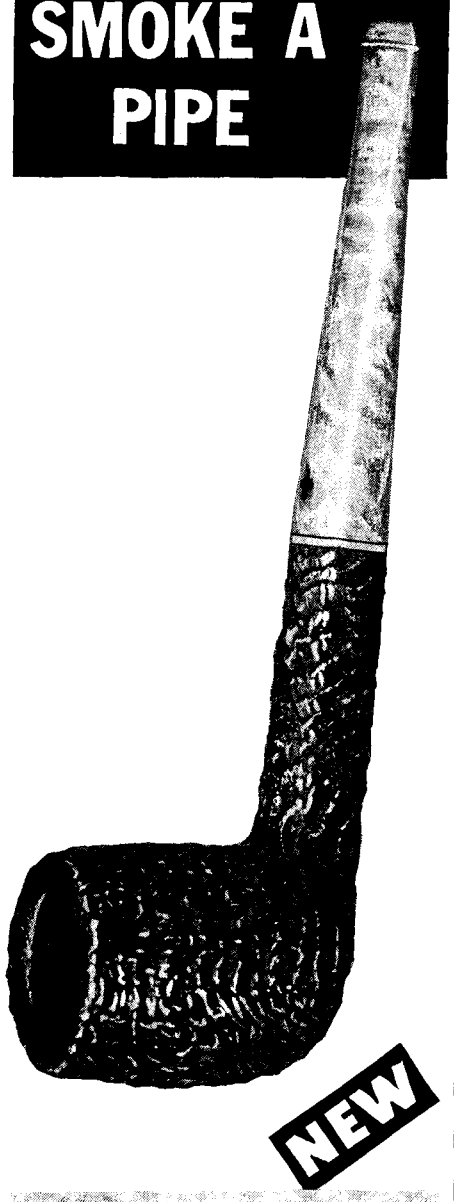

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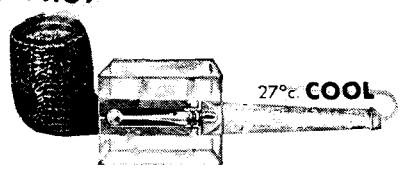

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Myrtle was a Lady

Continued from page 20

Myrtle was still undecided about testifying when Mr. Miller came into Mellish's, after an absence of three days.

"You been out of town, Mr. Miller?"

"Yes." Mr. Miller blushed. "Took my bar exams."

"Ooh. I sincerely hope you were successful, Mr. Miller."

"Th-thanks. I passed 'em."

"Say-y, that's swell! I mean you're surely fortunate. Do you intend to practice law?"

"Yes. Soon as I clear up some work for the Association."

"I guess that means you won't have to study at night any more."

Mr. Miller gulped some water.

"No . . . not every night, anyway," he said weakly.

Myrtle smiled.

"What are you going to do with all your time?" she questioned demurely.

Mr. Miller squared his shoulders. He gave an uneasy glance to left and right along the counter. Mellish's other clients were absorbed, either in soup or in Linda, Mazie, Dorothy, et al.

"Why . . . uh . . . I've been thinking about that," said Mr. Miller. "I've been thinking . . . uh . . . that maybe I ought to relax a little. I mean . . . uh . . . go out some to shows and so forth."

Myrtle nodded.

"You surely ought, Mr. Miller. You've been working too hard. What you need is to get one of your gir—young lady friends and step out."

Stricken, Mr. Miller tried to pick up the menu card. But Myrtle's eyes were upon him. He looked up.

"I haven't any young lady friends," he said. "That's a . . . uh . . . problem I've been wanting to discuss with you. I mean—"

Just then young Max Silverstein slid into the chair next to Mr. Miller. Said he: "Hey, Myrtle, how's the *gefüllte* fish? It's a Friday! Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Miller lapsed into permanent silence. It was lucky for Mr. Silverstein that Mellish's kept no deadly poisons within reach of its waitresses.

Myrtle made up her mind. She would not testify for Rosella. Not with Mr. Miller on the verge of discussing the problem of young lady friends.

THEN one evening, several days later, Myrtle was walking home from the street-car line. She had attended a Conversational English class at the Y. W. C. A. Her route led along Maxton Avenue, Main Street of the neighborhood business district. It was nearly midnight.

A man stepped out of a door and said: "Hello, cutie. Out pretty late, ain't you?"

Two other men climbed out of an automobile parked at the curb.

"All right, sister," one of them said. "You're under arrest."

Myrtle stared at him. Then, without a word, she jerked away and ran across the street to a drug store.

"Do me a favor, will you, Eddie?" she said breathlessly to the clerk. "Call Police Commissioner Flanagan and tell him I'm being framed by a couple of crooked dicks."

Police Commissioner Flanagan was one of Myrtle's regulars at Mellish's. . . .

Myrtle went home triumphant from the police station.

Rosella was still awake, writing a letter to Perry. Rosella was snuffling.

Myrtle snatched the letter away and tore it up.

"Don't be a baby," she said. "They're not going to get off that *easy*."

The next morning, Myrtle was subpœnaed to give a deposition in the case of Jones, Rosella vs. McKane, Perry.

She had the subpœna in her uniform pocket when Mr. Miller came in for lunch. Mr. Miller came in unusually early. The counter was almost deserted.

"Hello, Mr. Miller."

"Hello. H-how are you, today?"

"Just fine, thanks."

"Lovely day."

"It surely is."

"I . . . uh . . . was thinking. . . ." Mr. Miller drew a deep breath. ". . . I was thinking maybe you'd like . . . well, how about going out . . . out to the park with me when you get off?"

"I'd love to, Mr. Miller. But I got a dep—something I've just got to do. But any other day, I'd love to. I surely would."

"Thanks. We'll make it some other day. Uh . . . I'll start with soup, I guess."

THE deposition-taking was ghastly. Myrtle went, prepared for the worst—to have newspaper reporters there. But she was clinging to one hope: that somehow Mr. Miller might not read of her shame. Mr. Rosenberg had said soothingly that the papers might not print very much, holding off until the actual trial.

But right after Myrtle had sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help her God, the hideous thing happened.

Mr. Miller came into the room.

In the first daze of panic Myrtle thought of saying, "I don't remember a thing. I'm an antagonistic witness." But there, across the table, were Mrs. McKane's lawyers. There sat the commissioner. There sat Rosella, looking sick and scared.

"Now, Miss Ross, you are acquainted with Miss Rosella Jones, the plaintiff in this case?"

She dared not look at Mr. Miller. Mr. Rosenberg turned aside to say, "Move over here, Miller. I know you will want to take some notes."

Myrtle answered, with a leaden heart: "Yes, sir. Miss Jones is my best friend." . . . She didn't care. She couldn't help it. Mr. Miller would despise her, but she couldn't help it. He'd see she wasn't a lady. But how can you be a lady when you work at Mellish's and room with Rosella Jones and get mixed up in breach of promise cases? How can you be a lady when people like the McKanes try to bribe you and frame you and do you dirt? . . . Myrtle heard her own voice as from a distance . . . plodding on with every ugly, sordid detail of the story. . . .

Mr. Miller left before it was over. He avoided glancing in her direction. She gulped painfully. She didn't expect to see Mr. Miller again, ever. . . . Finally, it was over. . . . Mr. Rosenberg exulted: "They'll settle! They won't dare take this case into court. There's going to be a disbarment or two in this before we're done. Miller of the Bar Association has got plenty to work on."

Rosella was tearfully grateful. "Gee, kid, you was swell. You done just fine." . . . Myrtle said, "Yeah. I sure did."

MR. MILLER came into Mellish's. He took his regular chair.

"Hello, Miss Ross."

"Hello, Mr. Miller."

"Uh . . . quite a session . . . yesterday."

"Yes, it surely was. I—"

"You were"—Mr. Miller's serious eyes kindled—"you were splendid. I didn't even know you were in the case. Golly, I could have got all the dope from you beforehand."

"I did not have any choice. I—"

"By the way . . . about that . . . well, about going to the park?"

Myrtle's eyes filled with tears. Gee . . . he wasn't disgusted! He thought she was all right.

"Y-yes . . . the park. . . ."

"How about this afternoon?"

She laughed.

"It's raining cats and dogs," said Myrtle, "but I like cats and dogs."

"I think he took 'French leave' of her. I heard him say au revoir" *Frank Ryder*

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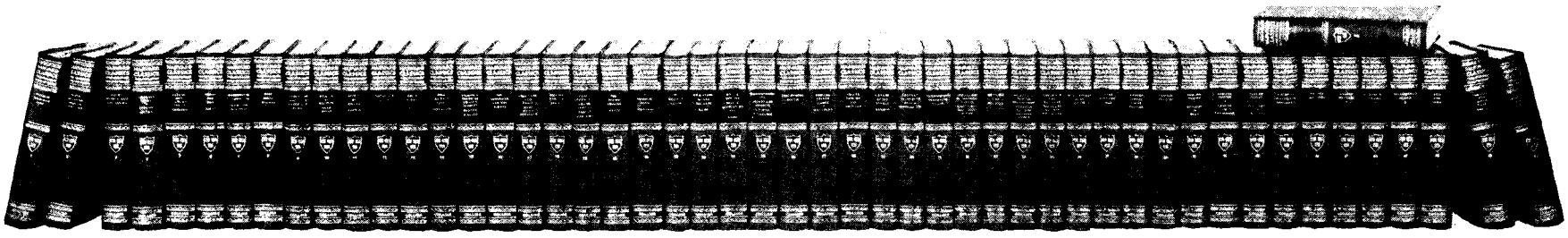
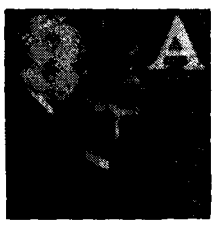


Now where can I find out about that?



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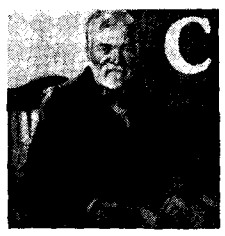

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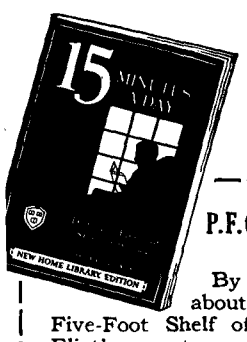

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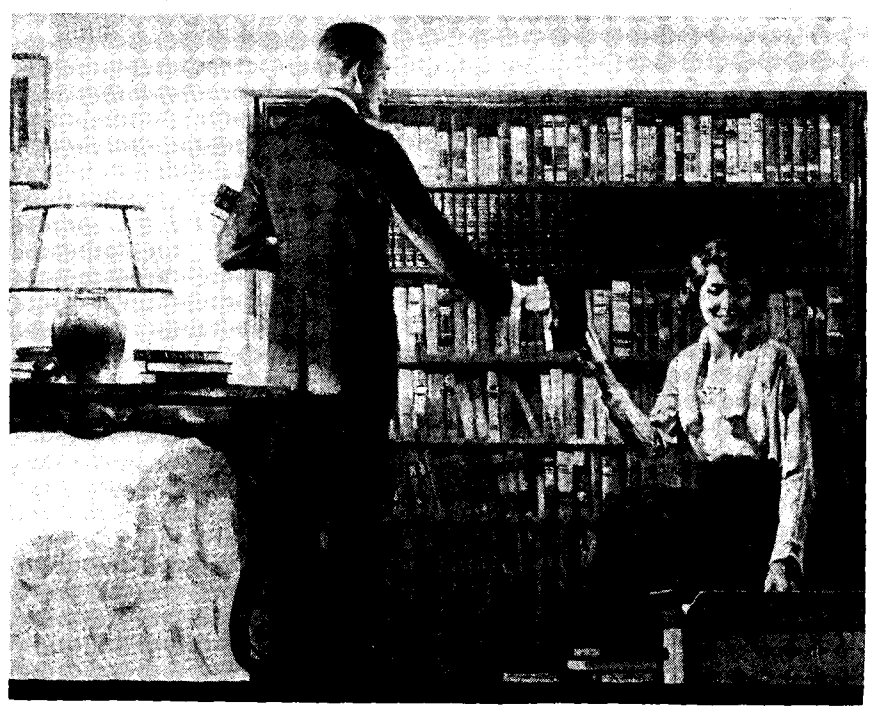

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Change your Dress

Continued from page 21

sums on their clothes do as I did? And not only these women, but travelers who must pack a lot in a small space, weekend guests, commuters, business women. This two-in-one idea would help all of them.

"Say you are a business woman. You know the problem—'What can I wear to the office that will look right when I go to tea at the Colony Club this afternoon—or out to dinner and the theater with George?' You haven't time to rush home and dress. What to do?

"Just practice a little legerdemain. Look, I'll show you. Suppose you wear to the office a black crêpe or broadcloth skirt and an eggshell crêpe blouse with a black felt hat—or one of the new fabric hats just launched by Descat—black kid pumps and black bag. When it comes time to leave the office, you have only to change the businesslike blouse for a sleeveless bodice of silver *lamé*, and substitute for the office accessories black satin slippers with rhinestone clips and a white satin evening bag. The same hat and a semi-formal, furred, black coat would do for both purposes. These extra accessories you can carry to the office in a tiny bag."

Dressed for the Day

Suddenly Jeanne clapped her hands.

"Suzanne!"

A shadow had slipped past the drawing-room door.

"Oh, Suzanne!" The shadow materialized into a French maid, crisp and smiling. "Suzanne, bring me that new ensemble from Jane—"

"The one with the lace bolero and the two jackets?—*Oui, madame!*"

"I'd almost forgotten. Yes, right now I have one of these transformation costumes—not for economy, but for coquetry. There is, first of all, a dark blue wool skirt. Look, I will show you. Thank you, Suzanne. With the skirt I wear this white satin blouse with long melon sleeves. Chic, *hein?* Hold it on my shoulders, Suzanne. And here is a little cape, blue like the skirt. You see how it crosses, surplice fashion, in the front"—her chin nailed it to her chest—"and fastens under the cape part in back. The white satin sleeves show below it. When I wear this costume with a dark blue hat, purse and shoes, I am beautifully dressed for tea at even the swankiest place. Oh, quite formal."

She gave a brief imitation of a tea-hound descending the stairs at the Ritz.

"And now," flinging the cape to Suzanne, "suppose one day I feel jaunty. It's a fine, sunny morning and I'm going shopping. I want something brighter—less 'dressy,' how you say? Well, I put on this little red military jacket—so gay, so swagger, nipped in at the waist, with long melon sleeves. On one side of my head I crush a little red hat, and under my arm I carry a smart blue purse. And blue shoes, of course. Now I walk down Park Avenue—and everyone stares. Is it not pleasant?

"When I come home and don't wish to change, what do I do? Ah, thank you, Suzanne. This duck of a bolero, all made of Brittany lace, I slip on over my white satin blouse and there I am, fresh and chic, for tea at home. . . .

"How this little trick would help out commuters and suburbanites, if they only knew it! I was telling a friend of mine who lives in Westchester, and she went right out and bought such a costume. She is one of those indefatigable golfers, you know, and has always worried about how to get in eighteen holes after being in town all day. Now she wears to town a brown and beige tweed suit—jacket, skirt and blouse—with brown shoes, that new brown béret of stitched Rodier fabric and a purse of the same cloth. Rushing out to the club, she merely doffs the tailored jacket and blouse, and slips into a tan cashmere sweater. And there she is—the complete golfer!"

And then, balancing her teacup, Jeanne Aubert said an odd thing.

"You know, I think I succeed because I try to please everybody. Yes, I want the approval of the man in the street as well as of the great couturiers of Paris. I like to see a truck driver almost fall off his seat as well as the chic lady in the third row raise her lorgnette."

An original point of view. I have heard leaders of fashion say, "I dress to please only myself. I follow my own taste." Or, at most, "I dress to please the handful of people who really understand." But never, "I dress to please everyone.

"I don't miss a single glance," continued Jeanne. "If the elevator boy loses an eye, if one of the stage hands gapes after me, 'Ah,' I say to myself, 'today I am a success.' If, on the contrary, two men say, 'Why did you wear that green dress today?' I know that I am a failure in green.

"But to return to our magic.

"I am not the only woman in the world who has had this idea. Last week I was visiting some friends in the country. There was a young girl among the guests who astonished everyone by the number and variety of her costumes—yet she had arrived with but one portmanteau.

"On Saturday morning, going to the village, she wore a two-piece string-colored wool dress, one of those new knitted fabrics. Over it went a little red jacket, a blue and string-colored woolen scarf with red fringe, a red felt béret with a blue wing, blue calf shoes and purse, white gauntlet antelope gloves.

"Saturday afternoon for tea she wore the string-colored skirt with a green and string-colored plaid mousseline blouse, green hat and accessories.

"And Monday morning, when we came into town, she was wearing the same wool dress under a long brown wool coat, with a brown felt hat, brown gloves and shoes—and she was quite the smartest thing on the train.

When You're in Blue

"I wish I had time to tell you of all the things you can do with one little dark blue suit (every woman has one and hates its dreadful monotony) by varying the things that go with it, so that it is suitable for the office or to go to the theater. And with a beige coat Give me a beige coat and I will dress you for a tour of the world!

"Just let me tell you about these brief little jackets that are still so smart and that are worn with everything from bathing suits to evening gowns. They are not expensive and so one can have many of them in many colors—and how they will pick up a tired dress! Say you have a brown dress. Get one of those jackets in red velveteen with enormous puff sleeves—how I love red and brown!—match it in purse and pump wear red and brown bracelets, and there you are—practically a new woman! Oh, I could have shown trick or two to Thurston!"

She smiled and held out her hand Fifty million women in America would I thought, agree with that.

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The Frightened Lady

Continued from page 13

"Very unusual, isn't it, for a footman to have an account at a London bank?"

Gilder's face puckered.

"Some of us are thrifty."

"A pretty substantial balance, I hope?"

"Yes, I consider it satisfactory," said the other coolly. "I've speculated rather wisely."

Tanner had expected at least a little confusion at the revelation of his discovery, but the man was imperturbable, perfectly calm. A dangerous man, this.

He called the second man to him, and the footman loafed up, his hands in his pockets.

"You're an American citizen too?"

"Yeah," drawled the other.

"Have you been here long?"

"Six years."

"As a footman?"

Brooks nodded.

"Why is a man like you in service?"

"Well, I guess I am naturally servile."

Was he laughing? He was certainly as unperturbed as his companion.

The detective turned to Gilder.

"Do you know this house very well? Lady Lebanon sent a message to say I might look over it. Perhaps you could show me round?"

"Sure," said Gilder.

Tanner dismissed them and turned to the waiting and interested butler.

"What do they do?"

"They wait on her ladyship, his lordship and Miss Crane," said Kelver.

"Where is she?" asked Tanner quickly.

"She's on the lawn, sir. The poor young lady is rather upset, which is natural. It is, I might say, a climax to a very unhappy period for her."

Tanner did not ask him to elucidate this cryptic reference, and Mr. Kelver seemed a little disappointed.

FERRABY came in at that moment, and Tanner drew him aside.

"Go and find this girl Crane; have a talk with her and see what you can discover."

When he had gone:

"You heard nothing last night?"

Kelver shook his head.

"No scream nor shout nor anything?"

"No, sir."

Kelver, standing at the foot of the stairs, glanced up and saw somebody who was invisible to Tanner.

"Her ladyship, sir."

Lady Lebanon came down, very calm, normally self-possessed.

"I've ordered you rooms at the White Hart, Mr. Tanner," she said. "It is a comfortable inn, though I understand from the village policeman that one of your men had a very unhappy time there."

He nodded.

"You told me I might look over the house."

"Certainly. Brooks will show you round."

She pressed a bell on the table, and almost immediately Brooks came in.

"Show Mr. Tanner round the house," she said.

SERGEANT FERRABY did not often resent an expression used by his chief, but "that girl Crane" stuck in his throat a little. For to Ferraby she was no individual who might be spoken of in such haphazard and disrespectful terms. He had an odd sense of treason for the first time in his life when she came towards him. There was something eager and trusting in her mein.

"I'm so glad you came."

Her voice was tremulous. He thought she was on the verge of a breakdown. He would have welcomed this in any other potential witness, but his instinct was not to exploit her fear but to bring her to a state of calmness and sanity. He had a duty to do, and did it half-heartedly.

"No, I don't know anything . . . please don't ask me. I want to forget it. Will you be here for long?"

In the arrogance of his youth he almost said, "Until the murderer is arrested," but compromised.

"For a few days, I think. Young lady, you have got to get hold of yourself."

She pushed back a stray strand of hair. It was a gesture that for some reason almost broke his heart.

"I feel so—isolated," she said. "Lady Lebanon has her own troubles to think about."

"Her troubles are yours now, aren't they?"

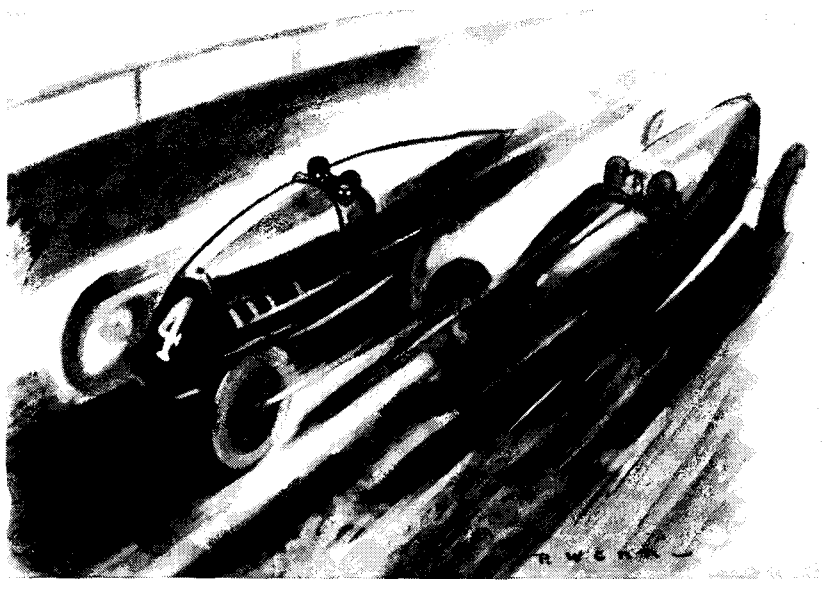
She looked at him quickly.

"Yes," she said, and then: "Where's Mr. Tanner?"

"He's in the house."

He was bold enough to take her hand; it was deadly cold. Then suddenly her

(Continued on page 42)



"I don't want to be a wet blanket, Joe—but that's the second car we've passed that was goin' the other way" *Paul Webb*

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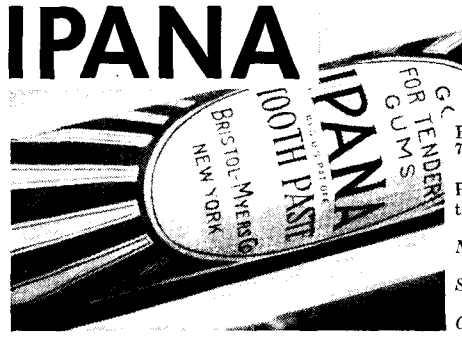

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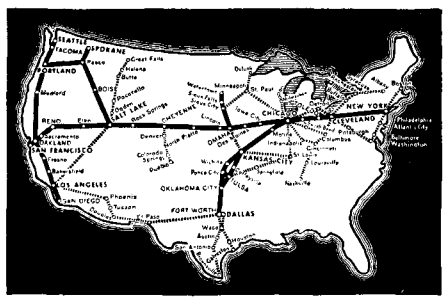

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(Continued from page 41)

eyes met his and for a second held them.

"You're being motherly." She tried to smile.

"Is that a pleasant way of saying I'm being an old woman? You've made me feel very inadequate."

"Have I? Why?"

He could have told her why, but it did not seem the appropriate moment, and if it had he could scarcely have brought himself to tell her.

Then, forgetting all the definite instructions he had received from Tanner, forgetting for the moment that his first duty was to the State and to the society which had been outraged by a hideous murder, forgetting too that she might very well prove to be the principal witness for the State, he drew her trembling arm in his.

"Let's walk up to the wood and back," he said, "and I'll tell you the sad story of my life."

She laughed, a quick little gasping laugh, took another swift look at him, and as they paced through the long grasses it seemed to Ferraby that she was leaning against him. It was not an unpleasant sensation. . . .

THERE was somebody waiting to see Lady Lebanon, and no better indication of her character could be afforded than that within a minute of Tanner's leaving to make his inspection she should be admonishing a nervous little artist for certain mistakes he had made in his drawings. Mr. Rawbane, architect and authority on heraldry, stood nervously by her desk.

"I thought perhaps you'd rather the matter stood over for a day or two," he said. "It was a great shock to me—this dreadful affair."

She looked at him coldly.

"Mr. Rawbane, there are dreadful affairs happening somewhere every day, but we have to live our lives and attend to our business."

She pushed a drawing towards him. He hardly saw it. There were three water bougets on a field azure and a stag at gaze, which formed no part of the Lebanon quarterings. He squirmed and agreed, was anxious either to talk about the tragedy of the morning or to be gone. At last she closed the portfolio and handed it to him, and he, who had already forgotten the instructions she gave, returned eagerly to the matter which was uppermost in his mind. She stopped him.

"I am not asking you to discuss Dr. Amersham," she said. "It is very sad and we're all dreadfully sorry. His death is quite unimportant to the world—will you remember that, Mr. Rawbane? But these arms stand for eternity."

Kelver showed him out, and hurried back in time to catch her before she went up to her room.

"When are these detectives going?" she asked, one foot on the stairs.

"They gave me the impression they wouldn't be leaving for some considerable time, my lady," said Kelver, and then, as she made a move: "If your ladyship will pardon me, I did wish to speak to you on a rather unpleasant matter—unpleasant for me, that is to say," he added quickly. "Tomorrow is the end of the month, and I would like your ladyship, with all due respect, to accept my notice from that day."

Her eyebrows went up. From the concern she showed, it might have been imagined that this was the day's chiefest tragedy. For she knew what was coming, had been expecting—and dreading—the news he was to give her.

"Your ladyship is aware," he went on nervously, "of the very distressing happenings—sensational, if I may call them so—that have brought us a great deal of undesirable publicity."

"But it is hardly an affair of yours, Kelver," she said gently.

"Pardon me, my lady." Mr. Kelver was nearly firm. "I realize that it does react very disagreeably to your ladyship and to his lordship; but it also has a detrimental effect upon myself. In all the years of my service I have never had my name associated with matters which were—your ladyship will pardon me if I describe them as being of vulgar public interest."

The logic was irresistible. They were meeting on common ground, the aristocrat of the servants' hall and the aristocrat of Mark's Priory. She felt called upon to contest his argument.

"How are you affected?"

Kelver spread out his white hands.

"Ladies and gentlemen, my lady, shrink from contact with matters which have been the subject of public discussion, and they look askance at an upper servant who has figured even indirectly in"—he found it difficult to say—"a police case—two murder cases, my lady. I have to be worthy of my past. Your ladyship will remember that I had the honor for many years to be the butler of His Serene Highness the Duke of Mecklstein and Zwieburg, and that I was for many years with His Grace the Duke of Colebrook."

There was nothing more to be said.

She was genuinely grieved. If it had been in her to be apologetic for all that had happened at Mark's Priory, she would have apologized.

"Very well, Kelver. I'm sorry. You will be rather difficult to replace."

He inclined his head slightly. He had no doubt as to that, but was grateful to have an open acknowledgment of his indispensability.

"Where is his lordship?" she asked.

"He is in his room, my lady. He has just come in from the park."

"Tell him I want to see him."

Willie Lebanon came sheepishly, a little fearfully. He had screwed up his courage before and had found it wavering under the steady disapproval of her dark eyes. But he swaggered into her presence with an air of assurance which he could not feel.

"I say, isn't it a terrible thing—" he began.

"Where did you go this morning, Willie, when you left the Priory in your car?"

He licked his lips.

"I went up to town, Mother."

"Where did you go?" she repeated.

He tried to smile it off, but the smile died.

"I went to Scotland Yard," he said doggedly.

"Why did you go to Scotland Yard?"

HE AVOIDED her gaze and when he spoke he was a little disjointed of speech.

"There are things happening in this house that I don't understand, and I got scared, and—well, I wanted to go and I went!"

"Willie!"

He wilted.

"I'm sorry, Mother, but really you treat me as if I were a baby."

"You went to Scotland Yard! That was very tiresome of you. If there is anything the police should know, you may be sure they will know it without your help. It was very ill-bred of you, and you have hurt me. Did you tell them anything about Amersham?"

That was the real question she was asking. She knew that he had been to Scotland Yard—Gilder had told her. He could not tell her what this embarrassing son of hers had revealed to the detectives.

"No," he said sulkily; "only that he was a queer bird and I didn't understand him; and I told them there were a lot of things that I didn't understand in this house. I don't understand these servants; I don't understand Gilder."

He flung himself down on the settee petulantly.

"I wish to God I'd never come back from India."

She rose from her chair and came toward him, standing over him, a rather terrifying figure.

"You will not go to London again unless you ask me, and you're not to speak to the police about anything that happens in this house. You understand?"

"Yes, Mother," he growled.

"I'd like you to conduct yourself with a little more dignity," she went on. "There is no necessity for a Lebanon to make friends with policemen and people of that sort."

"I don't know," he said sullenly. "They're as good as I am. All this family nonsense. . . . You know that fellow Gilder came up to Scotland Yard after me, and followed me back to the Priory? He was in a car, too."

"He did it on my instructions," she said. "Is that sufficient?"

He laughed helplessly.

"Yes, Mother."

Then, as he rose: "Don't go; I've some checks for you to sign."

She took a flat book from a drawer and opened it. He came reluctantly to the desk, took up a pen and dipped it in the ink. They were blank checks, as usual.

"Isn't it rather stupid? You never give me a check to sign with any figures filled in. I do feel I ought to know something about—"

"Sign four," she said calmly. "That will be sufficient. And please be careful not to blot them."

IF HE had followed his own inclination he would have taken the inkwell and emptied it on the book, or he would have sent the check book flying out of the nearest window; but under that steady stare of hers he could do nothing but sign, grumbling the while.

It didn't matter very much, he comforted himself. He was a rich man, and she was the most careful of managers. He was anxious to get out of doors, to join Tanner and that odd little detective and Ferraby, and when she released him he almost ran from her presence.

She was halfway up the stairs when she remembered something with a shock and gasped. How careless of her! How criminally negligent! She came quickly down the stairs, glanced left and right, went straight to the drawer of her desk, unlocked it with trembling hands and took out a small red bundle. Her hand was shaking as she opened the top of the anthracite stove and dropped the deadly clue onto the coals, pressing it down with a short steel poker. She saw the little metal tag in the corner and shivered. To have left that in the drawer, where a prying police officer could find it! It was madness. When she sat down on the chair at the desk she was shaking from head to foot.

She crossed again to the stove, wondering which was the damper, and pulled a rod at random before she resumed her place at the desk. She was waiting for the inevitable questions, and had framed in advance answers most satisfactory to herself and least informative to the police.

It was no new experience to Lady Lebanon. All her life she had been pretending and interpreting and striving to hide one secret after another. But now she felt she was facing the supreme test, and that on its outcome depended life itself.

Sergeant Totty was amusing, was lazy, was difficult, was many things that a sergeant of detectives should not be, but he was an excellent bloodhound. He

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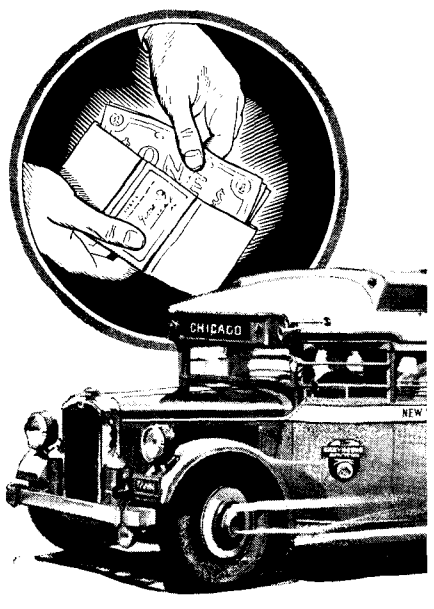

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found the first impression of a high heel on the very edge of the drive; the second within a few feet of the car.

He found something else: a tiny silver-topped bottle, half-filled with a powerful aromatic fluid. This was an accidental discovery and was at a point nearly fifty yards south of the place where the car had stood. Near the bushes where Amersham was found he could see nothing, neither shoe marks nor any other indentation. But on a bare patch, where the grass grew sparsely and it was a little muddy, he found not only the marks of a heel but of a pointed foot as well.

He was in the midst of his investigations when he glanced round to find he was being watched by an interested American footman.

"Looking for clues, Mr. Totty? I guess that's the mark of her ladyship's shoe. She was around here this morning."

"She didn't leave her room this morning, my boy," said Totty.

"Is that so? Well, I wasn't here myself and I'm only depending on what these servants tell me. They saw her leave her room, and Brooks saw her leave her room, and I daresay other people did."

"WHY here?" asked Totty, and then he was suddenly inspired. He made an elaborate search of his pockets. "Have you got a cigarette?"

Gilder felt in the inside of his jacket, produced a silver case, opened and offered it.

"They're 'Mastersmokes,'" he said, calmly. "The same as you picked up this morning. As a matter of fact, I smoked one just before you cops arrived—I was rattled."

"How do you know I picked it up?"

"You didn't pick it up. Mr. Ferraby found it." Gilder smiled broadly. "I'd be a good detective, Mr. Totty. I not only can find clues but I can make 'em!"

Totty thought it beneath his dignity to reply. He continued his search, moving down across the broad meadow to a belt of trees that ran parallel with the road. Presently he got to a point where he had a clear view of the gamekeeper's cottage. He was turning back when he saw a small camp stool under a tree. The thin grass about it was littered with the ash of pipe tobacco, and on one side of the stool he saw lying on the grass a half-smoked pipe. He saw, too, a tiny knot of unsmoked mixture and at least a dozen burned matches. Somebody had sat here, watching. There was the mark of nailed boots.

Then he made another discovery. The grass that ran behind the trees was long, and in this he found a double-barreled gun. It could not have been there more than twenty-four hours, for there was no rust on it. Both barrels were loaded, he found when he broke it. He slipped the cartridges into his pocket, and, after another search, came slowly back to where he had left Gilder. The footman was not in sight, but walked out of the main hall entrance to greet him.

"Hullo, Sergeant!" he began, and then his eyes fell upon the gun, and the whole expression of his face changed. "Where did you get that?" he asked.

"If there's any questioning to be done I'll do it," said Totty curtly.

He inspected the barrels more carefully; the gun had not been fired: there was no fouling nor was there any scent of smoke.

"Do you know this?" he asked.

"It looks like one of the gamekeeper's."

"You don't know this, I suppose?"

Totty took the pipe from his pocket.

"No, sir, I don't remember it," said Gilder stolidly. "I don't smoke pipes myself. Maybe if you analyze the ashes you'll find another clue, Mr. Totty. I seem to remember reading in a book—"

"Where is Mr. Tanner?" asked the sergeant sharply.

Tanner was upstairs. He was still making his search, and it had not been unprofitable. He had passed from room to room under the guidance of Brooks. Lord Lebanon's apartment was small, more modernly furnished than any other. The biggest room was that occupied by Isla Crane, a gloomy, paneled apartment with raftered roof. It must have remained unchanged for two hundred years. There was little furniture: a big four-poster bed, a dressing-table, a settee and a few chairs emphasized its bareness.

"It's the old lord's room," explained Brooks. "That's what it's called, mister. Full of ghosts. It's the one room in the house that gives me the creeps."

Tanner passed slowly along the wall, tapping panel by panel, and Brooks watched him curiously.

"There are plenty of secret panels in this house, but none of them practicable, I guess."

"You've been on the stage, have you?" asked Tanner.

"Yeah, two years on the road. How did you guess that?—Oh, 'practicable.' You can't forget those words. Once a pro, always a pro, eh?"

If there were secret panels here Tanner could not discover them. There were many that sounded hollow.

"Which is Lady Lebanon's room?"

"I'll show you."

Brooks waited till he was out and locked the door. Her ladyship's apartment was on the other side of the passage, more cheerful than the old lord's room. There was a desk here, and two or three Persian rugs, and the bed and the fittings were modern.

Tanner made a very careful general survey before he proceeded to a closer inspection. He saw a loose red cover on the desk. He picked it up; it was a time-table.

"Does Lady Lebanon travel a great deal?" he asked.

"Why, no, but she asked Gilder to go up to town and I guess she was looking up a train."

"Gilder went by car and returned by car," said Tanner. "Think up another explanation."

THERE were a few papers in the waste-basket. He scooped them up and put them on the table, looking at them one by one. There was nothing at all of interest until he came to a half-sheet of note paper on which a few figures were scribbled in a column:

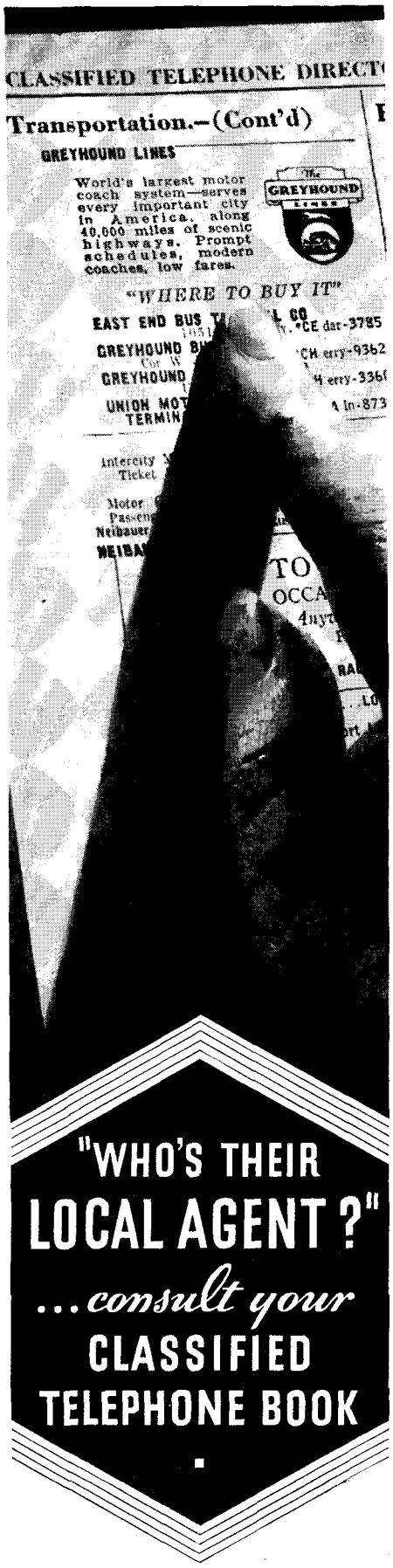
"630, 83, 10, 105."

They had been scrawled in blue pencil, and a blue pencil was on the desk. At first they puzzled him, and then he realized that they had some connection with the time-table and that they referred to trains which left at 6:30, 8:03, 10 and 10:05.

He puzzled over this. Why four trains? And for what destination did trains leave at 10 and arrive five minutes later? The solution came to him instinctively. There were two trains jotted down here, one that started at 6:30 and arrived at 8:03 and one that started at 10 and arrived five minutes later, and that was hardly possible. He put the piece of paper in his pocket. There might be a perfectly simple explanation for the note, but it was his experience that those matters which were susceptible of a simple explanation were difficult to explain when the screw was applied.

10—10:05. Of course, a Continental trip. Where was a boat train that left at 10 in the morning? Where would it arrive at 10:05? Aix-la-Chapelle? Some-

(Continued on page 44)



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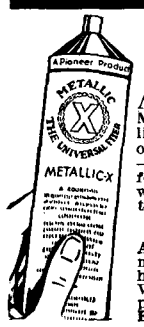

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(Continued from page 43)

where between Paris and Dijon? Some place short of Chambéry? He could not fit in the times.

"Here is a room that perhaps you ought to see, Captain," said Brooks as he swung along the passage. "It's a guest-room, where Dr. Amersham used to stay when he slept here nights."

Tanner stopped dead.

"What room is that?"

He pointed to a door which Brooks had passed without notice.

"Oh, that's the lumber-room."

"I'd like to have a look at it," said Tanner.

"Say, Captain, there's nothing there," protested the man.

"There's something there you didn't want me to see," said Tanner calmly. "That is why you started that bright line of talk about Amersham's room. Open it."

The man stood squarely before him, his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets.

"I haven't got the key of that room. If I had it wouldn't be worth looking into. There's a lot of old junk—"

"Go and get the key."

"You'd better ask her ladyship for it. I don't carry keys around," replied the man sulkily. "Nobody guessed you wanted to look in an old lumber-room—"

"I guessed I did," said Bill, "and I generally guess right."

He tapped the panel of the door. It sounded unusually solid.

"You like a nice heavy door for your lumber-room, eh? Afraid of the furniture walking out?"

He bent his head and listened, but there was no sound from inside.

"All right, we'll pass that—but we're coming back."

Brooks went on, silenced by something. He threw open the door of Amersham's room and jerked his head to the interior.

"There's nothing here, but maybe you'll think it's worth looking into."

There was literally nothing of Amersham's personal belongings, Tanner discovered. Coming out of the room he saw Totty with a gun under his arm.

"Can I see you for a minute?" said the sergeant.

HE CAME into Amersham's room and closed the door.

"I found this," he said, and gave a brief account of his other discoveries. "It's the gamekeeper's gun and probably his pipe."

"What made him leave them behind?" said Tanner thoughtfully. "Let me see the cartridges."

He inspected the shells and handed them back.

"Rather heavy shot for a gamekeeper to use, and fatal, I should guess, if it was fired at poachers. Tilling's, of course. The position tells you that. He was sitting there, watching his cottage, and I can pretty well guess whom he was looking for. Then something happened that made him drop his pipe and his gun—what was it?"

"I've sent down for him," said Totty, and the big man nodded his approval.

"About that cigarette, Totty. It's as clear as daylight that Gilder was getting his story in first. That fellow's got a nerve! He's not satisfied with giving an alibi to himself, but he hands one to Lady Lebanon. She must have gone down when she heard about the murder —and that was long before the body was found. Why didn't she go to the place where the body lay? Why did she wander fifty yards south and never go near the bush where they found Amersham? Shall I tell you, Totty? Because she didn't know he was there. And she didn't know he was there because she couldn't see, and because nobody knew he was there. She thought he was there and she was looking for him."

He looked up at the ceiling, his chin in his fingers.

"The question is, Was Gilder there? I don't think he was. At least, she didn't see him. He may have come on the scene a bit later, or he may have been there all the time, unknown to her. I'll be interested to hear what Mr. Tilling has to say."

"It's a funny sort of place," said Totty.

"It doesn't make me laugh," said Bill.

THERE were three separate telephone services in Mark's Priory, each communicating directly with the outside world. This was rather unusual in a big house, which generally has a central switchboard.

In Mr. Kelver's pantry was one of the instruments, and this Tanner used to get in touch with Scotland Yard. He came through to one of his office searchers.

"I want a list of every train that leaves any station in England at six-thirty and arrives at its destination at eight-three, and I want another list showing the trains that leave at ten o'clock, either in the morning or night, and arrive at ten-five the same day or the following morning. I don't know what stations they go from; you've got to find that out."

What was Lady Lebanon's plan? Where did she intend going in the wild panic following her discovery? The body had not been found till just before eleven o'clock in the morning, but the murder must have been committed at least twelve hours before—and she knew, and was planning—what? A getaway? That was hardly likely. She was not that kind, unless for the moment she had been overbalanced by the horror of her discovery.

He was on his way back to the hall to interrogate Lady Lebanon when Totty met him with a startling piece of information.

"Tilling's not in Mark's Thornton," he said. "He left early this morning, and nobody knows where he's gone!"

Tanner whistled.

"So Tilling's vanished! Does anybody in the house know anything about it?"

"No; I've spoken to his lordship, but he had very little to do with the man. I asked him to see his mother, but she knows nothing either."

Tanner considered this.

"Who told you about Tilling leaving early this morning?"

"His wife. Rather an affable young lady." Totty straightened his tie.

"Don't allow her to be too affable," said Tanner. "I'll see her. Is she here?"

"No; I asked her to come to the Hall, but she wouldn't. I'll tell you something, guv'nor: this girl knows a lot. She's as jumpy as the young lady outside."

"Miss Crane—she's jumpy, too, is she?"

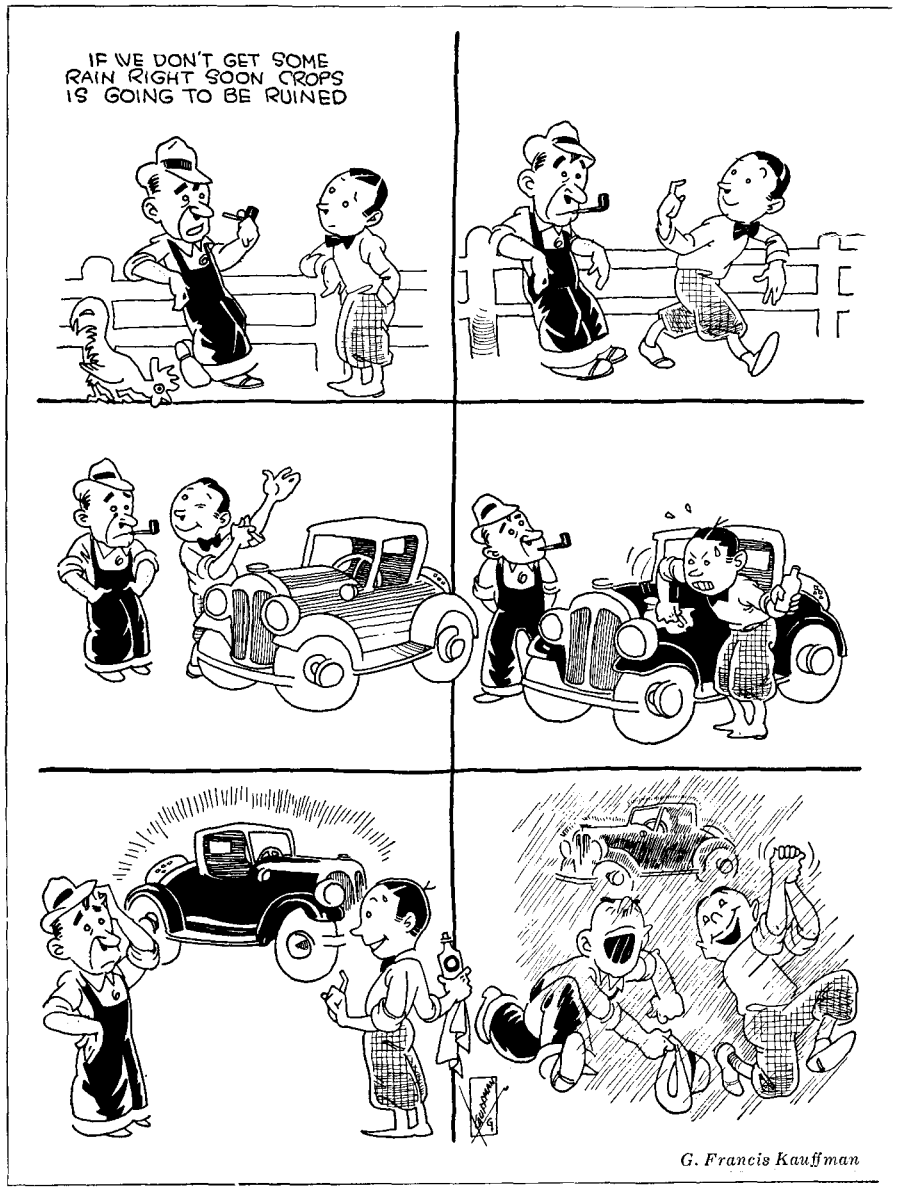
Totty's lips curled.

"Ferraby's doing his best to soothe her nerves, but he hasn't got far."

"Very well," said Tanner. "Show me the way to the cottage."

THEY crossed Priory Fields, passed the bushes where the body had been found, walked through the gate and up the path of the little garden before the cottage. As they came to the door it was opened. Tanner remembered the woman, though he had only seen her once. Her face was white and drawn. Here was another who had had little sleep on the previous night. She looked at the chief inspector fearfully, hesitated a moment, and then invited him in a husky voice to come in.

(To be continued next week)



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Take Your Punishment

Continued from page 8

Frowning, Elmer climbed the brownstone steps; frowning, he was admitted to a red-plush, black-walnut parlor; still frowning, he was negligently greeted by Miss Delter and by her presented to a Mr. Catherwood.

It was instantly apparent to Elmer that the offensive motor-car belonged to Mr. Catherwood. He was, conspicuously a young man who, as Miss Delter had sardonically put it, might easily forget to wear his rubbers, a young man manifestly a stranger to toil and spinning, a sleek young man whose countenance exhibited a bland serenity of self-content.

Never, till this moment, had Elmer found it difficult to refrain from battery and assault upon the person of a fellow being; now, unprovoked, he yearned thirstily to commit this misdemeanor. His hands folded themselves; he felt a strange, stirring bristling among the short hairs at the base of his scalp.

"Thanks. I don't smoke." He repulsed the casually genial proffer of Mr. Catherwood's opulent cigarette-case. Abruptly he turned to Miss Delter. "Ready? We ought to be starting."

"I—you see—" Miss Delter paused.

"You see, Gibb," Catherwood said smoothly, "Sally forgot she had a date with me for tonight. I've been telling her you'd understand perf—"

ELMER'S glance swung sternly back to Miss Delter. Just in time he realized how nearly he had come to surrendering tamely to traitor impulse. Selfishly he wanted her to default from their bargain. He must, therefore, see to it that she didn't. His eye fastened itself inexorably upon hers.

"It's just a question," he said significantly, "of what you want to do."

He saw her take his meaning.

"I'm sorry, Ronnie."

Catherwood seemed to recognize defeat.

"Just as you say, Sally. Some other night. I'll ring you up."

He nodded affably at Elmer and sauntered out.

"You did that very well," Elmer said.

Miss Delter's mouth quirked downward.

"It'll get easier every time you do it," Elmer assured her.

She didn't try to quibble. "Come on. Let's get it over with."

They went down the brownstone steps.

"I thought you said that the men who fell for you were all—"

"They are. Nice boys who do deep-breathing exercises every morning and see the dentist at least twice a year."

"Like Catherwood, I suppose. . . . So that's how it is." He paused. "Look. I'd be glad to help, if you'll let me."

Miss Delter laughed. Sternly Elmer denied himself the easy opportunity to take escape in wounded dignity.

"I could help," he insisted. "I've helped already, haven't I? If it hadn't been for me, you might have gone out with him tonight."

"Instead," she said, "of being on my way to spend a jolly evening with Mickey Mouse and Iota Thrush—and you!"

Elmer wagged his head. "The less we like it," he reminded her, "the more good it'll do us."

"Then," Miss Delter said, "tonight is going to make me a far better woman than I have ever been. Come on."

Aunt Ella fastened upon Elmer a gaze of fond, arch suspicion. Aunt Ella was stubbornly romantic. Elmer found an ironic comedy in her unshakable conviction that his recent evening's activities betokened the sentimental entanglement for which, though it might cost her a boarder, Aunt Ella indefatigably yearned. He resisted a desire to laugh. If she only knew the spirit in which he had shaved and dressed for this evening's excursion!

"You look so nice and aristocratic in your Tuxedo!" Aunt Ella declared. "I guess Somebody Else will think of something nicer to say than that."

This time even Elmer Gibb couldn't help laughing. Sally Delter had spoken her mind quite frankly the first time she'd seen him thus attired:

"I wouldn't have believed that *anyone* could look so poisonously respectable in a dinner jacket!"

Aunt Ella's ear found nothing wrong with the sharp brevity of Elmer's laugh.

"Have a real good time," she urged.

Again Elmer was moved to short, sardonic mirth. A good time! With Sally Delter! Ha!

Vague concern manifested itself in the plump fondness of Aunt Ella's face.

"I do hope," she said, "that you've picked out a girl who's good enough for you."

Chuckling sardonically, Elmer departed. As he rode downtown in the bus, however, levity forsook him. He was obliged to approve, seriously and reasonably, of himself. This thing that he was doing, he realized, was not merely a shrewdly selfish form of spiritual exercise, but, besides, a generous and wholly admirable service to another.

Elmer couldn't help admitting that he'd really behaved rather well. There were lots of ways in which such an adept as he could get his moral exercise without associating with Miss Delter. It wasn't necessary for him to walk past that boarding-house every morning, for instance, and thereby give Sally a chance to discipline herself by walking the rest of the way beside him; he could resist plenty of impulses other than that special one that urged him, every noon, to avoid her company at lunch; in the evening there were many things he might unwillingly oblige himself to do instead of coming all the weary way downtown again merely to act as spiritual punching bag and sparring partner for a girl he didn't like.

THESE things, to be sure, still made heavy demands upon Elmer Gibb's self-mastery, but he could see that he was in danger of overdeveloping those special spiritual muscles which were involved in this particular exercise. It was already easier for him, in fact, to suffer Miss Delter's society than it had been at first; inevitably, with practice, it would become still easier, until he wouldn't get any good whatever out of doing it.

And yet, he saw plainly, he must keep it up, for a while at least. Miss Delter hadn't delved deeply enough as yet into The Mighty Mystery of Mastery to be left without guidance and collaboration. Especially when there were people who were doing their best to keep her from ever becoming the captainess of her soul. People like Ronnie Catherwood. People with chromium-trimmed cars. No. However little good he might selfishly hope to get out of it, common decency demanded of Elmer Gibb that for the present he must keep on.

The consciousness of a noble duty, unfalteringly performed, sustained him as he left the bus and climbed the brownstone steps. An aproned young woman of faintly Ethiopian origin answered the doorbell.

(Continued on page 46)

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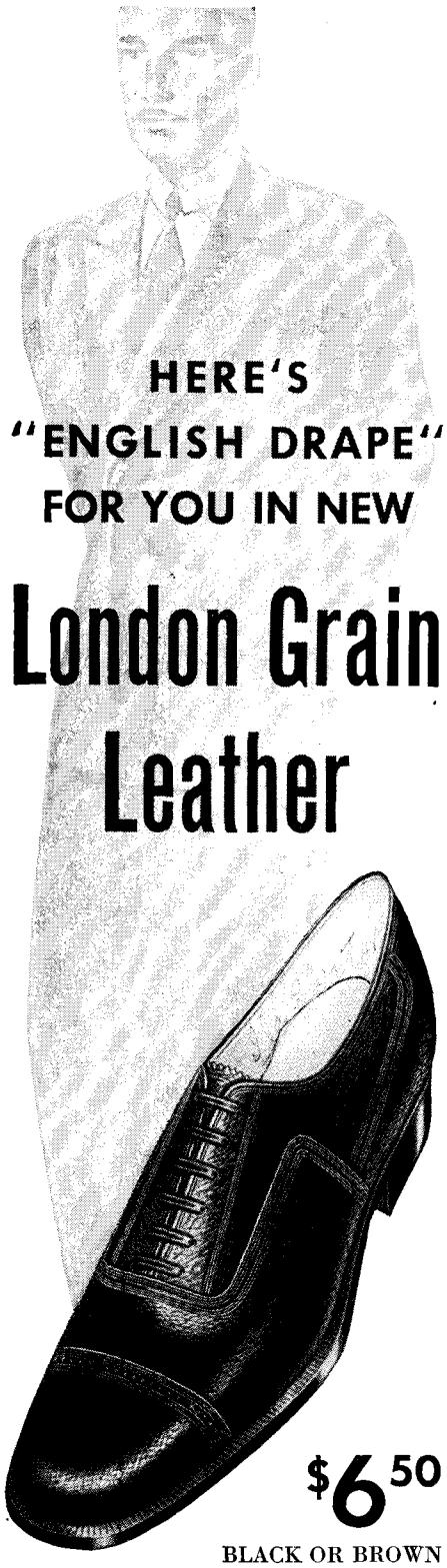

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WALK-OVER

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(Continued from page 45)

"Miss Delter ain't yeah. She say to tell you she givin' huhseff a night off."

Elmer resisted, magnificently, the impulse to feel and to display a just wrath.

"I see," he said. "I suppose you don't know where she went?"

The maid's eyes relented at the sight of the dollar bill which Elmer's right hand withdrew, at this moment, from his trousers pocket.

"Mist' Catherwood say suffin' about drivin' out to Rutteh's Pon'."

"Thanks."

Elmer spoke fervently. Almost gladly he surrendered the dollar bill. This, he told himself sternly as he descended the steps, let him out. All the way out. There was no longer upon him any shadow of obligation to consider the best interests of a girl who went with such a man as Ronnie Catherwood to such a place as Rutter's Pond. Elmer Gibb could spend this evening, could spend all future evenings, on something better than trying to show such a girl the high and splendid secrets of self-mastery. He needn't—

Just in time he saw how narrowly he had escaped from stumbling into the cunning ambush which besetting impulse had laid against him. He'd almost done what he wanted to do! He'd almost yielded, like any ordinary, weak-willed slave of thoughtless desire, to the temptation that would have had him go straight home, leaving Sally Delter to her fate, instead of resolutely doing the hard thing, the unpleasant thing, perhaps even the dangerous thing that, ruler of himself again, he knew he was going to do.

A CRUISING taxi swerved in to the curb in obedience to Elmer's peremptory finger.

"Rutter's Pond."

Joy almost holy illumined the driver's skewed countenance; his hand quivered as he unlatched the door. Elmer leaned back against unfamiliar leather, subduing sternly a desire to protest against a pace at once unlawful and foolhardy, dealing high-handedly with qualms concerning the dimes and dollars that were dissolving as the meter ticked. He had his week's pay in his pocket. The impulse that would have had him count up pennies, at such a time as this, would find out, he told himself, just where it could get off.

Thus exercised, his sovereignty over self became more and more nearly absolute during a long, swooping hurtle down the endless tunnel of light drilled by headlamps through the darkness. In a parking space before a flimsy wooden building beside a little sheet of water he sprang gladly, sternly forth.

The chromium-trimmed car assailed his eyes. Something inside of him fluttered queerly. She was here!

"Wait."

He saw a kind of rapture transfigure the dished countenance of his driver. A sense of adequacy, somehow inspired by the fellow's visible approval, marched with Elmer to the door. A pallid person of villainous and furtive aspect made him urbanely welcome and led him to a minute table, crowded between others arranged about a central dancing space in a long, ugly room. Africans, on a platform at the far end, troubled the pent air with thumps and brays of pounded leather and blown brass to which, wearing the look of those performing some dismal duty, certain of the patrons and patronesses danced.

Elmer's eye, searching the faces that paraded past him, refused to be distracted by the card a waiter held before him.

"Ginger ale."

"Yessir. Gin or Scotch with it?"

Elmer scarcely noticed the base impulse that urged ignoble compromise upon him, reminding him that if you didn't buy the outlawed, deadly liquids purveyed in dens like this you stood a sweet chance of being thrown out on your ear, of being beaten up or even shot.

Ordinarily these counsels of discretion would have weighed heavily with Elmer; to resist them would have cost him a stern effort of self-rule. Tonight he brushed them almost carelessly aside.

"Just ginger ale."

"Yessir." Dominated, the waiter withdrew. Elmer stood up, craning his neck to look, above the intervening dancers, at the tables on the far side of the room. At one of these he caught sight of Ronnie Catherwood.

And Sally!

Not even at this taut crisis in his life did Elmer Gibb's self-mastery abate or falter. As if he faced a choice of small importance he compelled himself, before acting, to think, to draw a sure distinction between the promptings of blind impulse and the reasoned, wise, calm counsels of enlightened will.

He had time, in the fractional moment that was all he needed, to be thankful for the patient, dogged practice which had built up in him the strength of will that served him now, served him so splendidly that, almost without an effort, he was able to crush underfoot the cowardly, contemptible impulse to be shamefully safe, to avoid, at whatever cost, a scene. Indeed, so easily did he compel himself to push his way across the dancing floor that he could almost have believed he actually wanted to do it.

He could almost have believed that he actually wanted to march resolutely up to Catherwood's table, to stand there, answering Catherwood's uplifted glance, faintly quizzical, amusedly contemptuous, with the steady eye of one who, triumphantly master of himself, turns confidently to the lesser task of ruling others.

It seemed as if he did not need to force himself to speak. The words were so easy of utterance that they might almost have said themselves:

"Sally's leaving, Catherwood. Now. With me!"

Catherwood chuckled: "That's interesting. Who says so?"

"I say so." Singularly, as if they now allied themselves with conscious, reasoned decisions of the will instead of with purely instinctive processes, the short hairs at the base of Elmer's skull stood up, bristling. His hands, too, ordinarily in league with merely subconscious desires, folded themselves compactly shut; his underjaw protruded.

"I didn't know Sally was taking orders from you," Catherwood said.

"She isn't. She's taking them from herself." Elmer faced her. "You are, Sally. And you know what they are. Come on. I've got a taxi waiting."

HE SAW the old, familiar signs of indecision show themselves in Sally's face. He saw, too, something that he hadn't seen there before, something he couldn't quite interpret, a look that seemed as if Sally found something strange about him, something she wasn't sure about, something that puzzled her and, yes, frightened her.

"You know you're coming, Sally. You know—"

"I'll tell you what *I* know." Catherwood's voice, still indolent, had ceased to be amused. "I know you're getting out of this, Gibb, or being thrown out."

The familiar duel in Elmer's spirit required only a flashing fragment of a second. Ruthlessly, resistlessly, his inexorable will put down the stupid impulse that would have kept his right hand hanging passively, uselessly, at his side, instead of moving in that short, purposeful, well-guided arc that brought it, with a remarkably ear-pleasing sound, into collision with the point of Catherwood's chin.

Sternly, efficiently, that same will overcame the feeble impulse which, as Catherwood's chair, still containing Catherwood, crashed over backward to the floor, tried to prevent Elmer's left hand from shutting firmly on Sally's wrist and lifting her swiftly to her feet.

Magnificently, as he drew her with him toward the door, this will power dealt with other impulses, with one that begged him not to smite lustily upon the lowest shirt stud of a waiter who sought to impede his egress, with another that pleaded with him not to commit a like assault upon the pallid doorman, with still another that urged him to let go of Sally's wrist instead of rudely, roughly propelling her before him through the door—thoughtfully held open by the driver—of the waiting taxicab.

WITHIN this vehicle, immediately launched upon headlong flight, Elmer Gibb's will swept on to other triumphs. Almost without effort it overcame the reluctance of his hands to fasten themselves ungently upon Sally's shoulders and to draw her toward him so that even in the pale illumination provided by the meter light, her face was clearly visible. It was able, this roused will to browbeat Elmer Gibb's voice into stern, accusing utterance.

"Whadduyuh mean by it?" this voice demanded. "What's the use of all the trouble you've been taking to build up a little will power if, the first time you think you want to go on a party with an eel like Catherwood, you—"

"I *had* to do it," Sally said.

"Whadduyuh mean—you had to?"

"Why, you ought to know. You're always telling me that I've got to keep from doing things I want to, and make myself do the ones I don't want to. And so when Ronnie asked me to come out with him tonight, instead of waiting for you, I—"

"You trying to tell me that you *wanted* to wait for me?"

"I know it sounds crazy, but I did. Of course I knew that it was just one of those senseless impulses, but I had a perfectly terrible time resisting it."

"Oh," Elmer said blankly.

"But I did resist it." Sally spoke with conscious, complacent virtue. "And that's a whole lot more than you did. You're a fine one to talk about resisting impulses, after the way you've behaved—rushing clear out here in a taxi, beating up Ronnie and all those waiters, dragging me about like—"

"You think I *wanted* to do those things?" Elmer interrupted.

"Didn't you?" Somehow Sally's voice sounded as if she would actually have liked to hear that Elmer had backslidden thus lamentably from the teachings of The Mighty Mystery.

"Of course I didn't! Do I ever do anything I want to? You ought to know by this time that I—" Elmer paused. He felt quite sure, now, that Sally was sorry he had scored another signal victory over his ancient foes. He saw, too, with sudden clearness, that Sally mustn't be sorry. Not ever. Not about anything.

"And you don't either," he declared.

"Don't I?" Sally's eyes were wide.

"You don't. For instance, you don't want me to marry you. You don't want me even to—" he swallowed—the word was singularly hard to say—"even kiss you. Not any more than I want to. But I guess we both have will power enough to—"

Sally shut her eyes.

"Isn't it just marvelous," she said, "what you can do when you make up your mind to it?"

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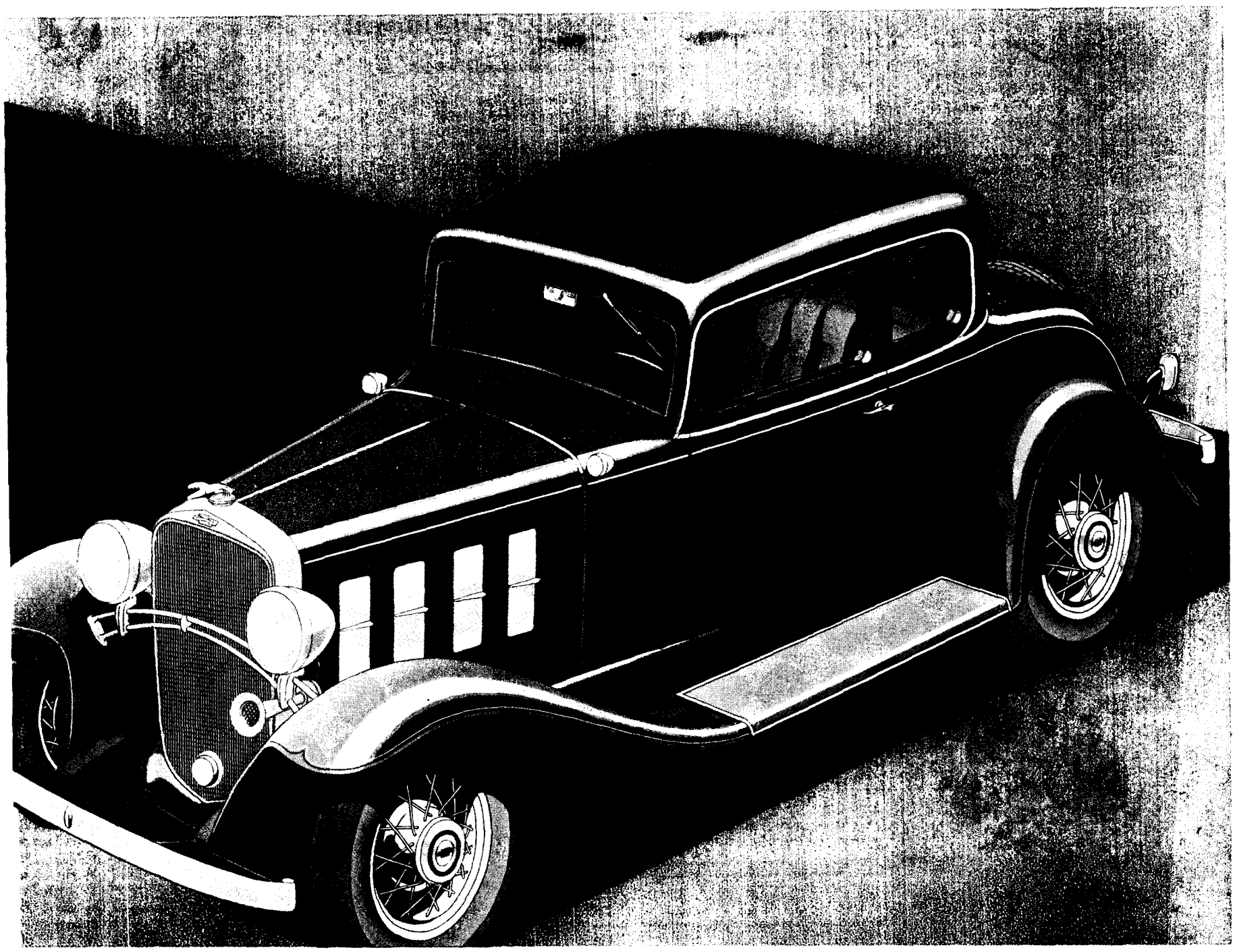

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Soiled Diamonds

Continued from page 16

"What did you tell headquarters?" I inquired of him.

"Told 'em I wasn't learning nothing. Well, here we take a cab."

We went to the cab stand on the corner and got a cab, and O'Malley looked at his watch as we got into it. Then we drove north through the downtown district and along Fifth Avenue and turned into the park.

"Here's where it happened," O'Malley told me finally.

THE murderer had picked out an excellent place for it. Bushes on both sides hid the road, and there was less traffic on this road than on most of the park driveways. We got out and spent some time examining the locality, but we didn't find anything. Then we drove to the hospital and, on reaching it, O'Malley again looked at his watch.

"O. K.," he stated. "Alliday left Morant's at three-five o'clock and they got him here, according to the hospital records, at five minutes of four. It's about the same time of day and traffic is about the same, and he done the trip in one minute less than we did, but we might have spent more time in the park."

"What does that show?" I asked.

"Shows the taxi-driver told the truth and didn't go nowhere but where he said he did. That being the case, I guess I'll give his message to his wife."

We drove to Durman's apartment. It was in an unattractive building in the Bronx. A smell of cooking greeted us. Mrs. Durman was in the kitchen, cooking a chop and some potatoes, and a pot of soup was simmering on the stove. She was about twenty-two years old and poorly dressed, but I have never seen a more startlingly beautiful young woman.

"I got a message from your husband," O'Malley told her. "He said to tell you not to worry."

"I'm not worrying. But the police keep coming here and I don't like it because of the neighbors."

"They got no business to. I'll put a stop to it."

He sat down as if he wanted to keep up the conversation and I was amused to see that he was attracted by the woman. They talked for a while.

"You wouldn't want to go to a picture show tonight?" O'Malley asked her bashfully.

"Not with my husband being held."

I was sorry for her, but I felt like laughing at O'Malley.

"Well, O'Malley," I kidded him after we had got outside, "you certainly fell for that woman. She had you going. It's the first time I ever saw you fall for one of them, but I don't blame you. She's a knock-out. Put that girl in the right clothes and the right surroundings and she'd have it over all of them."

"That's right," O'Malley agreed. "But it wouldn't do me no good if I was to fall for her, because she's married to this taxi guy. It's a pity he don't make enough to dress her up."

We parted and I did not see him till the next day.

"Anything new?" I asked him.

"Sure. They found the gun in the park where the guy threw it."

"Fingerprints on it?"

"It had been rained on. They tried to trace it by the number, but it had been stole a month ago from the guy that had a right to own it; so there's no clue."

"You better trace it," I urged, "because it will be the best evidence you can have against Burrel."

"You're smart," O'Malley said.

"How did they connect Burrel with the murder in the first place?" I inquired. "You haven't told me that."

"That was simple. Alliday wouldn't have taken nobody in the cab with him unless he knew him, and this taxi-driver gave a pretty good description of the guy. They looked for who among Alliday's friends answered that description, and Burrel did and couldn't prove where he was when the murder happened."

"They got the right man," I declared. "I knew that when I looked at him. Did you take Mrs. Durman to a picture show?" I asked derisively.

"I went out there but she wouldn't go with me. I'm going out there now."

There was a uniformed policeman in front of Durman's door and Mrs. Durman asked at once the meaning of it.

"I put him there," O'Malley told her, "to keep the other cops away. You ain't been bothered since, have you?"

"No," she replied, "but it makes me wonder what the other tenants in the building think about it."

"I'll have him taken off then."

EVERYTHING in the place was exactly as it had been the day before. Mrs. Durman was getting her luncheon ready and soup was simmering on the stove.

"You're certainly some cook!" O'Malley told her. "Your soup ain't healthy for a hungry man to smell. It makes him hungrier. You wouldn't let me taste it, would you?"

"I'll give you some," she offered.

"Don't bother. I'll get it myself."

Before she could prevent him he had dipped a ladleful from the bottom of the pot, inspecting it closely. Then he took the kettle from the stove and, following his directions, I helped him strain the soup through a dish-towel, and I saw unset diamonds glistening among the meat and vegetables that were left.

"Were you kidding me into believing that Burrel had done it, O'Malley?" I asked, after we had taken Mrs. Durman to the station-house, "or did you believe it yourself?"

"Sure I believed it," he replied. "The first I thought it might not be that way was when Morant & Company's boy says Durman had drove their salesmen on them trips before; then when I seen Mrs. Durman I got sure of it. You said yourself she'd be a knock-out if she had the clothes; and she knew that a lot better'n you and figured she'd get 'em any way she could.

"Durman knew that when he carried salesmen on them trips they were loaded up with jewels and him and his wife fixed the job up between 'em. After the boy had got Durman's cab and Durman was waiting for Alliday to come down, he went in the cigar store and telephoned his wife, and she went and waited for him in the place they had picked out in the park. Of course there wasn't nobody but Durman and Alliday in the cab. Durman knocked Alliday off. Mrs. Durman was there and he slipped her the diamonds and the gun before the crowd begun to gather.

"Mrs. Durman threw away the gun, so it couldn't be connected with 'em, and Durman took the cop into his cab and beat it for the hospital to tell his story. He's a smart guy, and so he described as the third man in the cab a fellow he'd once seen with Alliday. It was his luck that Burrel didn't have no alibi."

"But what made you think the diamonds were in the soup?"

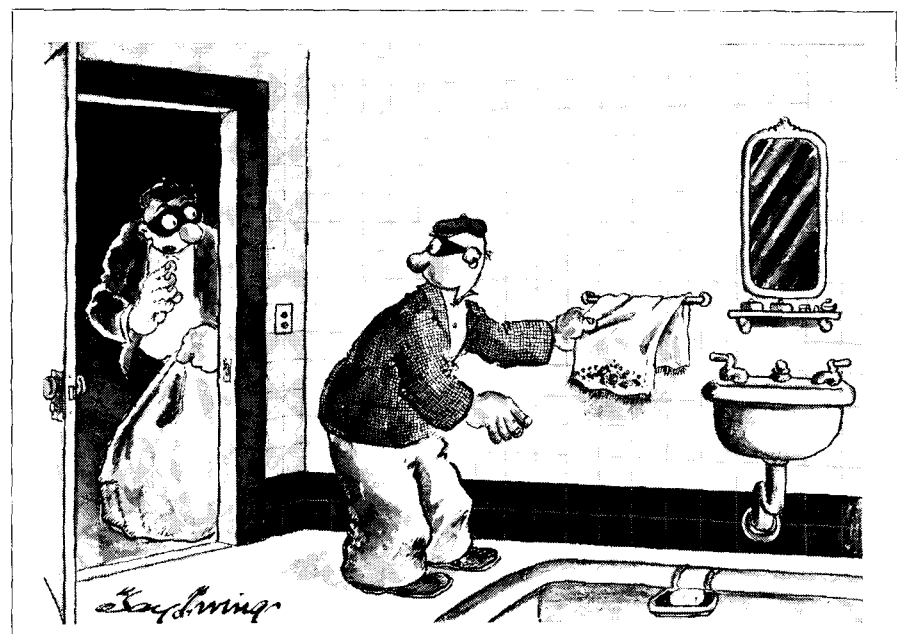
"Why, there was always the question, if Burrell done the job, whether Durman had been in on it with him; and if he was, Burrel might have took the diamonds out to Durman's place. So they searched Durman's place but they didn't find nothing. I guess Mrs. Durman didn't expect it would be searched and put the diamonds in the soup when the cops came, because it was the quickest and safest place to hide 'em; and afterward she never had a chance to dispose of 'em.

"After I got the hunch Durman might have done the job alone, you and I went out and talked with Mrs. Durman and I looked the place over and I couldn't see nowhere in them two rooms where the stones could have been hidden that the guys searching wouldn't have found 'em. If I could have got her to go to a picture show we'd have searched the place again.

"I WENT out to her place three different times of day, wondering whereabouts the stones could be, and every time the soup was cooking on the stove. That didn't seem natural."

"You're a clever cop, O'Malley."

"You tell 'em that at headquarters, will you?" he replied. "I've been trying a long time now to get somebody to think that, and I ain't found nobody that will believe me yet."



"Aw, Joe, not the guest towel!" *Jay Irving*

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Fair for Tomorrow

Continued from page 11

on that we didn't want to break up
open space inside. The cables are
ored in the earth and are stretched
the tops of these towers. We
n't thinking primarily about out-
looks or about how the Greeks and
ans used to build, but about how to
a showroom for the display of huge
cts."

id right at this point you begin to
a glimpse of why these buildings
o odd in appearance.

es, I can understand why the
sportation Building looks strange,"
eed, "but every building looks just
range in its way. Every building
s to have up-and-down fins on its
."

ins?"

es, the kind of fins that stick out
the cylinders of a motorcycle en-
or an airplane engine. Cooling
,

hy, they're the ribs of the build-
said the architect. "A building
at sort is erected inside its sup-
. And that's the way buildings
e made in the decades to come."

Power Through the Air

ere you have it all in a nutshell.
could these buildings help looking
ge? Imagine an elephant or any
animal, for that matter, includ-
s mortals, with his skeleton out-
his skin showing through his
, and you can begin to understand
what a departure from the past
new buildings really are.

f course," continued the architect,
decorate these fins or ribs as best
n. In some cases we apply false
o make a balance in appearance.
to beautify these spaces or sur-
between the ribs is a problem that
tects of the future will have to
out."

the Chicago Fair the spaces be-
the ribs will be used as "chan-
for streams of colored lights.
the towering sides of the build-
will at night present perpendicular
of colored flood-light, each band
tely isolated from all others. In
stance the architects have gone so
s to arrange for streams of water
w in the channels—from a height
er two hundred feet.

t," the architects told me, "the old
s faced a similar problem in de-
ng their almost perfect architec-
They built their buildings with
and marble, because those were
most available materials and then,
gh centuries, worked out the prob-
f how to beautify the exteriors.
finally solved it, chiefly by carv-

these men in Chicago are work-
with materials that cannot be
l—steel and cement and all the
tic materials which we shall use
structures of the future. They
find some other method of making
exteriors beautiful.

lor—that's what we must turn to
auty in this new manner of build-
Architects of the future will prob-
find other ways of making the
ors of their buildings beautiful,
lor, or the use of bright gleaming
s, is the best method we have de-
up to now."

electric-light bulb was the marvel
'93 Fair in Chicago. Another
bulb, not much different in shape
ize, but with more gadgets in its
rds," will be one of the marvels
s Fair. It is the same general
f bulb that gives us our radio, our
sound films, and imprisons even the faintest echoes of music on our phonograph films. What this small bulb and glass and wire will do for us in the future no man can imagine. Grover Cleveland opened the previous Fair, to the amazement of half a million onlookers, by pushing an electric button. This Fair will be opened otherwise. By means of this new bulb, together with a silenium cell, waves of light which left the star Arcturus forty years ago, when Chicago's Columbian Exposition of 1893 was under way, and which have been traveling toward us at the rate of 186,000 miles per second ever since, will send an infinitely small electrical impulse into an amplification tube. This tube will release power which will light the Fair and start its wheels turning.

Who knows but what these amplification tubes, before another set of forty-year-old light rays reach us from that star, will be hurling electrical power through the air, to be caught on the antennæ of engineless factories, ships, trains, motor cars or airplanes, as today we catch the impulses of sound on our radio wires? That dream is no wilder than the dreams of forty years ago, which have since come true and turned themselves into ordinary furniture and household equipment since that day.

"What am I going to do?" wrote an elderly lady to her favorite newspaper, "about relatives who are planning to come to the 1933 Fair in Chicago? Forty years ago almost everybody in Chicago had relatives camping out in tents on our lawns. But now no one has any lawns. We all live in apartments. They tell me that Chicago hotels can 'sleep' 400,000 people, but I'm sure that won't be enough room. And, besides, a lot of relatives won't be able to go to hotels. I'm sure I don't know what to do. I suppose I'll have to sleep in a tent somewhere in a public park and give my relatives our apartment."

The old lady was worried needlessly. There'll be such a camping-out in Chicago as no one in the old days ever could have imagined. Destiny had to give us the motor car to get the sort of camping Chicago will see this time.

People from a distance went to the old Fair by railroad. But in this Fair of 1933 the movement toward Chicago will be a constant rushing wind along our highways. We'll see America going to the Fair. The highways will be marked, for many hundreds of miles, "This way to the World's Fair." The World's Fair will be filling-station talk, tourist-house talk, roadside talk. All of America, all the time, will know that a World's Fair is in full blast in Chicago.

Automobiles à la Carte

And when the motorist arrives at Chicago he will find, on its outskirts, a camp-life existence that never could have been imagined by the relatives of the worrying old lady. Certified camps, equipped with every sanitary convenience and every possible comfort, will be ready, at very low prices for tourists who do not wish to spend all their time visiting Chicago relatives or cannot afford the luxuries of hotels. Housekeeping at the Fair will be a simple matter. And the campers from these tent cities will be conveyed in busses directly to the grounds.

Ten years of pretty definite planning, scheming and figuring such as Chicago has put in on this Fair is bound to produce such fine-cut details as that.

One of the chief objects of the Chicago Fair will be to help us understand the inside workings of the things we use these days and of our implements of living. The tentative plan of one motor-car builder is to sell you a car before it has been put together and to allow you to stand by and watch its parts assembled into the machine in which you will be able to ride away.

The old-fashioned idea of showing on cloth-covered boards the various raw materials or parts that go into the making of a product is not being encouraged among exhibitors. "Show how you make things. Show how things work," is the advice which questioning exhibitors have received. The result is that many things will be made and at the same time explained at the Fair. One plan, for example, is to have aluminum produced before the eyes of visitors. This was a freak metal, costing $100 a pound, not many years ago. Now the humblest kitchen boasts ten-cent or even five-cent aluminum ware.

With the Eyes of Youth

And, oh, yes! There's this question: Hard times? What are these men thinking about, planning a World's Fair just now? Well, in the first place, they're not expecting hard times in 1933. And, in the second place, looking backward, the chances are that the hard times which existed back in 1893, right at the very moment when the Fair of that year opened, were just as hard for those who were hit as any that we have recently seen.

Homeless men were sleeping in the corridors of the Chicago city hall and other public buildings when the World's Fair opened in 1893. There were soup lines and thousands of families being fed by charity. Chicago bankers made a pool of cash to feed the poor. Old Phil Armour sat at his desk handing out gold pieces, which he kept in his left-hand desk drawer, to friends who had gone broke, or to old employees who had been dropped, of necessity, from his pay roll. Business of the nation was paralyzed, and "tramps," as the unemployed were called, swarmed everywhere. Coxey marched an army of unemployed to Washington to demand that Congress do something to feed and clothe the poor.

But the Fair opened, in the midst of all this, and 22,000,000 persons paid to see it. And good times came again.

Youth is building this Fair. The scientific eyes of youth have planned it, but you'll need the romantic eyes of youth to see it. At this place along the lake front in Chicago we shall all get a glimpse of a future that awaits a generation that has not yet been born, but that will be born to carry out what's ahead. Somehow, someway, all of these marvels of today and of the future will be used. We won't throw them away. We couldn't if we would.

Whoever tries to see this Fair with old, tired eyes will just be out of luck. And whoever is old, but looks with young eyes on it, will behold a future that it will be heart-rending to miss. But that's a way that futures have.

To be young and to see this Fair and to know that you're going to be part of what it shows is coming in this world—well, that's too much to ask of destiny.

Just to see it with young eyes is as much as many of us can ask.

"I Saved Six Orders And Made 2 Weeks' Pay in *One* Day"

Thanks To This Pocket Volume!

IN my first five years as a salesman, I never made more than $45 a week. I knew I ought to make more. But I was ignorant—untrained—didn't really know how to sell. I was commencing to despair of ever learning by experience. It wasn't until one day, when I was reading a certain magazine, that I ever knew there was any other way to learn.

What I read gripped my imagination. I wrote to find out more about the sensational training mentioned, and the amazing new Free book, "The Key to Master Salesmanship," which was promised. When the book arrived, however, it had a companion—a tiny pocket volume called "Mistakes Commonly Made in Selling."

Do you know, that little book was alive with ideas for me! Just one page tipped me off to a bad mistake I was making. Moreover, it showed me how to save at least six recent prospects—turn them into sales, although I thought my chances were gone. In one day, just calling on those six old, supposedly hopeless prospects, I got every one of them—and made $90—two ordinary weeks' pay!

You bet I enrolled for the full course of training after that! Today I'm making $4200 a year more than I did then. I've lost my envy of the "born" salesman; this training *made* a successful salesman out of me, as it can out of anyone with ordinary brains and education.

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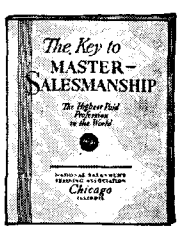

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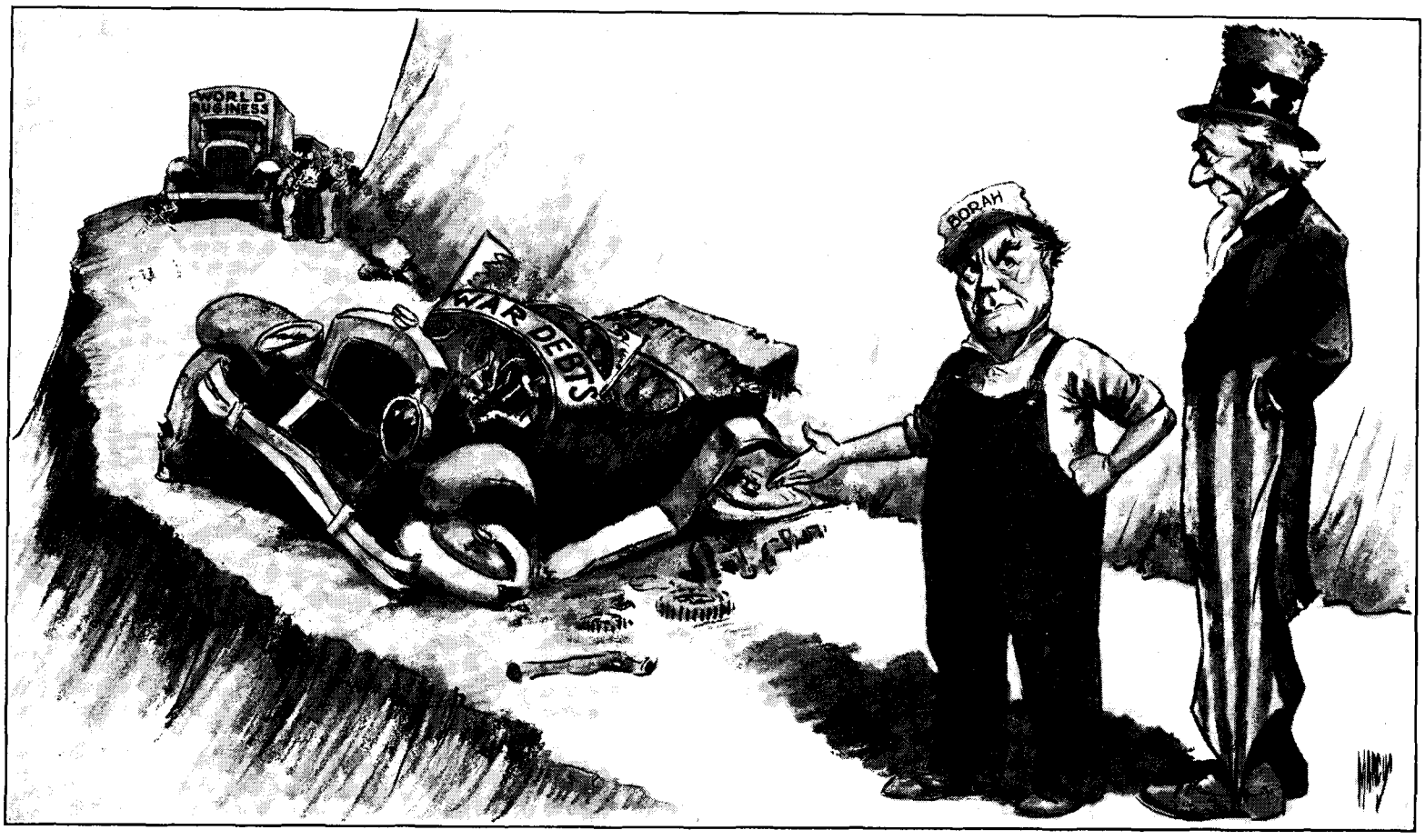

The Problem Nobody Wants

YOU just can't ignore Senator Borah. Here he is in the midst of a Presidential campaign, paying no attention to either candidate but doing his eloquent best to arouse the country upon the question least calculated of all to provide popularity for any politician.

Senator Borah wants, under certain conditions, to cancel the war debts. The Democrats in their platform oppose this. The Republicans omitted the subject. Western politicians and much of the press are against cancellation. Borah, although a "lone wolf," is generally a spokesman of Western sentiment. Yet here he is starting a crusade in a cause which he is old enough and wise enough to know will require a lot of arguing.

For all that, he has raised an issue which can't be forgotten until it is settled and settled in accordance with the facts.

His argument for cancellation is exceedingly interesting and it is about as follows:

European nations now owe the United States about $6,000,000,000—the figures are Senator Borah's. Payments are spread out over sixty-two years. These debts represent war expenditures. In no sense was the money used for a productive enterprise.

The debts might be paid in three ways: first, by the exportation of goods from the debtor countries; second, by the payments for services such as shipping; and, third, by the shipment of gold.

The debts are so large that every country has feared to receive goods in payment. Consequently, tariff rates were raised high enough to prevent importation. So we refused to accept payment in goods. The Hawley-Smoot tariff marks that decision.

The revenues derived from shipping and other services, including tourists' expenditures, are wholly inadequate to take care of the war-debt payments. Thus payment had to be made in gold if at all.

Germany in particular and Europe in general did try to pay in gold. The result of that effort is that 70 per cent of the world's gold is concentrated in Paris and in New York. Other countries, including Great Britain, had to abandon the gold standard because their gold had been paid out.

The flight of gold to Paris and New York was the chief cause of the drastic fall in prices which affects the entire world.

This is the way Senator Borah describes the situation: "Our export trade in 1929 was $5,000,000,000. On the basis of the first six months of 1932 it is now $1,700,000,000. In 1929 it was estimated that our foreign trade provided a livelihood for 2,400,000 families. The United Kingdom, Germany, France and Italy have reduced their purchases in the United States in three years over 60 per cent."

Senator Borah thinks that a healthy foreign trade and rising prices of commodities will be more profitable to us than the payment of the war debts. As he says: "If I could purchase the prosperity of the American people by these debts, I would not hesitate to make the purchase."

If Europe will agree to reduce drastically the cost of armaments, Senator B thinks that a cancellation of debts woul increase European buying power that would be benefited. Without that dr reduction he is against debt cancellatio

Americans resent the idea of cancell because if Europe does not pay we must selves pay the loans. This cannot be de yet, as Senator Borah points out, the de sion cost us $2,600,000,000 last year i creased taxes. Better far to have lost less than a tenth of that sum which was from our debtors that year.

Economists, certainly liberal econom will support Senator Borah's argun Politicians will fear it until it seems t popular. Senator Smoot is against it Senator Carter Glass, Secretary of Treasury under President Wilson, and of the authors of the Federal Reserve tem, favors it. Recently Alfred E. S took his stand for debt revision.

President Hoover stands against can tion but thinks our citizens would con an expansion of markets for Ame products as a substitute for any parti annual payment.

Whether we like it or not, a respon American has bravely and clearly sta great case.

President Hoover or Governor Roos whoever is elected in November, will b beneficiary of Borah's plain speaking. making it easy for the next Preside adopt whatever policy the national we demands, even to the cancellation of

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Budweiser

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BUDWEISER
ST. LOUIS, MO.
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